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NOTES.

THE inquiry into the history and methods of administration of the Chartered Company will, we are told, be instituted early in 1897. It will be entrusted, probably, to a Committee of the House of Commons, and will be presided over by Mr. Chamberlain. The "Daily Chronicle" hopes that Sir William Harcourt will also be a member of the Committee, and finds in his Rhadamanthine presence the guarantee of a thorough and unsparing investigation. We are not so optimistic; we cannot believe that much good will come from an inquiry held a year after the event into a case already prejudged by public opinion. As we pointed out weeks ago, the real judge in this matter is Cape Colony, and if the Cape Assembly, with its majority of Cape Dutchmen, refuses to demand the abrogation of the Charter and the punishment of Mr. Rhodes, it becomes practically impossible for the English House of Commons to show itself severer than Kruger's kinsmen.

We say "practically impossible," and every one will understand the "practical" impossibility who has followed closely the recent debates in the Cape Assembly. It is quite possible that the Cape Assembly in 1897 might resolve to honour Mr. Rhodes, in which case the House of Commons Committee would find itself in a very awkward position. The truth is the Cape Assembly cannot be interfered with or controlled from this side of the water, and consequently the Imperial authorities can do no better than follow the lead of the Cape Assembly, and devote their labours to endorsing the decision arrived at by the majority of that body. The Imperial authorities will then be acting in accord with South African opinion, which Mr. Chamberlain has declared was his "chief object." He has certainly given effect to this view of the position in making Sir Hercules Robinson a peer. Sir Hercules has worked hard and honourably for this distinction, and when the Cape Assembly received the news with cheers it was only giving merited commendation to a man who has deserved well of his country.

Last week we were forced to say that we did not think £300 a year a fair retiring pension to be offered to Her Majesty's late representative in the Transvaal. The "St. James's Gazette" differs from us, and declares that Sir Jacobus de Wet has never done anything at all worthy honour or reward. We are not sorry that the "St. James's Gazette" disagrees with us. We should suspect the soundness of our own views if the "St. James's Gazette" accepted them. But we may remark that we pointed out months ago that De Wet caused the Imperial proclamation to be published in Johannesburg which prevented the Johannesburgers combining with Jameson in active military operations.

For this action alone he deserves some consideration; and even the "St. James's Gazette" does not venture to deny that the action was Sir Jacobus de Wet's. We are glad to see that Mr. Chamberlain in his speech on Wednesday, 8 July, at Birmingham, agrees with us that "if you want to have first-rate officials, you must pay the price that competition has established for that particular kind of service." "There is," he declared, "no economy—I wish I could impress this more deeply upon the minds of my fellow-citizens—there is no economy more disastrous than the economy which endeavours to make cheeseparing savings in the remuneration of men whose services may be priceless."

These are wise words, and they convince us that Mr. Chamberlain is not solely or even chiefly responsible for the paltry retiring pension of £300 a year offered to Sir Jacobus de Wet. It seems to us more probable that this sum is calculated according to the rules of the Civil Service, thus—A has received £1,500 a year for only five years: therefore he is properly entitled to no retiring pension; but had he served long enough to become entitled to a pension, the first pension he would get would be £300 a year. To this argument Mr. Chamberlain probably answered: "Then give him £300 a year." But though this may excuse Mr. Chamberlain, it does not affect our contention that £1,500 a year is too little to give to Her Majesty's representative in the Transvaal, and that £300 a year is an absurdly inadequate pension to be earned by any one who is called upon to represent the Queen under difficult conditions and amidst great temptations.

The Old Age Pensions Committee has been appointed, under the very safe presidency of Lord Rothschild, and we are probably not doing any great wrong to its authors when we suggest that their sincere hope is that they will hear no more of the subject. The members of the Commission represent the various interests involved, from the Treasury to the Friendly Societies, and as they will all be animated by a strong desire to exalt their own particular department, and to block proposals emanating from rivals, it may safely be predicted that the result of the Commission will be nothing.

The Parliamentary Committee on Personal Interests has reported in favour of allowing things to remain as they are. As the appointment of the Committee was a mere piece of Ministerial weakness, we cannot pretend to regret this decision; for there was never any complaint on the subject except from a knot of Radicals whose object was to "draw" certain members of the Government. The idea that an M.P. who is a railway director or a shipbuilder should not vote on the very questions on which he is most qualified to express an opinion is surely the very superfluity of middle-class Pharisaism. As every one knows, the reason why

these men are elected is in nine cases out of ten because they have a very particular interest in some local trade or business. To make the absurdity complete, it is only necessary to add that the professional Pharisee freely votes and speaks on matters affecting his own private pocket. One very respectable Radical tea-dealer on Tuesday last moved the abolition of the Tea-duty as regards Ireland. This may be all right; but why should there be one rule for tea, and another for ships or railways?

Amongst the many other items of the Government programme that seem bound to come to grief in the wreck of the Session is the Irish Land Bill. This will lose the Unionists two or three seats in Ulster, where the farmers are wild on the subject, and no one will pity Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has hopelessly missed the opportunity of making his mark. He has yielded here to the Irish landlords, and there to Mr. Dillon, until no one quite knows what the Bill proposes or does not propose. Now the average British member does not care two straws either for Colonel Saunderson or for Mr. Dillon; but he would have helped Mr. Balfour to pass the Bill if he had had any assurance that the Government meant business on the question. But he has seen that in this matter, as in others, the Ministry is simply drifting; and so Mr. Dillon, Colonel Saunderson, and the Chief Secretary will be left to fight a triangular battle, and after a wasted week the Bill will be dropped.

In fact, everything points to a general "dropping" of that thorny bundle, the Irish question, for the remainder of the present Parliament. The Education question, both "primary" and "University," is dead in consequence of the Bishops' veto. The Land question will probably be hung up; and as for Home Rule, it is past burying. Mr. John Dillon, who keeps alive politically simply because he is quite devoid of a sense of the ridiculous, has summoned a "grand Convention of the Irish Race at home and abroad," to meet in Dublin in September. As the only two fighting elements in Irish nationality—Healyism and Redmondism—are dead against Mr. Dillon, and will take no part in the bogus Convention, it may be guessed that its decisions will hardly be of epoch-making importance.

Sir Henry Howorth does not invariably understand everything that happens in his own party; and he is very much at sea in his efforts to enlighten the world about the Morley-banquet fiasco at the National Liberal Club. The truth is that Lord Carrington promised to preside, but found some weeks later that he had a previous engagement to attend the County Council gathering at the Hotel Métropole, across the way. At his request, he was therefore relieved from the duties of the chair, but he volunteered to come in soon after the speaking began, and to propose Mr. Morley's health, or make any other demonstration in Mr. Morley's honour which seemed desirable. There is no room here for the suggestion that Lord Carrington's withdrawal had any ulterior factional significance. The real trouble arose when Mr. Morley, discovering that the Vice-President of the Club, Dr. Spence Watson, had been selected to preside in Lord Carrington's stead, rather brusquely declined to assent to the arrangement. Inasmuch as Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt had been given banquets with a peer in the chair, the stern Republican of Montrose was not to be put off with a mere commoner. The fact that Dr. Watson was for many years Mr. Morley's right-hand man at Newcastle, and is even said to have put his hand in his pocket for election expenses more than once, gives a somewhat painful personal touch to the episode.

Whether Sir William Harcourt had a large or a small audience at Islington, he certainly was in his best form. His speech brimmed over with animal spirits and happy phrases. What could be better than his description of the Unionist party as "a giant, weak in the knees, and soft in the head"; or of Lord Cranborne as "the lay impropiator of ecclesiastical beliefs and ecclesiastical prejudices"? We do not suppose the Tory

leaders will take Sir William Harcourt's advice to "steer clear of the Bishops," but even they may enjoy the joke of the following sentence. "*The rabies ecclesiastica* is a very dangerous disease: it inflicts a very mortal wound, and I think it is high time the Government issued a muzzling order for the clergy." The revolt of "the surpliced janissaries" was quite in the Disraelian vein. And yet this gladiator is condemned to show his strength for Lord Rosebery's benefit! A mad world, my masters.

Mr. F. W. Maclean, Q.C., who has just been promoted from a Mastership in Lunacy to be Chief Justice at Calcutta, is a man who owed his first step in the official ladder to the fact of his being a Radical. In 1885 Mr. Maclean was returned for a division of Oxfordshire as a Radical. The feelings aroused by his defeat of Lord Valencia, who is very popular, were so bitter that it was with the utmost difficulty that the Conservatives in the constituency could be induced to observe the Liberal-Unionist compact in 1886. However, they were induced not to oppose Mr. Maclean, who had voted against Mr. Gladstone's Bill, but they refused to take him to their hearts as their member. They were not satisfied until Mr. Maclean was made a Master in Lunacy in 1891, and they got a Conservative, Mr. Morrell, to represent them. Mr. Maclean is an able and amiable man, who had some reputation as an amateur actor. His removal to Calcutta in November will place at Lord Halsbury's disposal a post worth £2,000 a year.

Sir John Pender hardly seems to have got his deserts, for he was undoubtedly the pioneer of submarine telegraphy, and but for his perseverance the great feat of connecting this country with the United States by cable might have been delayed for a generation. Considering the hundreds of millions that must have been made through this cable, a G.C.M.G. seems but an inadequate reward. Sir John Pender began life as a pattern-paster in a Glasgow warehouse, and like all men who make large fortunes he was a wonderful arithmetician. He speculated, of course, and lost as often as he won. He was a very short man, with an abnormally large head. One nickname stuck to him for some years. He was returned in 1862 for Totnes, and was unseated on petition the following year for corrupt practices. He was called the ex-Pender.

The most definite statement yet made upon authority about the terms of the Triple Alliance has been extorted from Signor Crispi by the taunts and hostile jibes of the Italian Ministerial organs. He reaffirms what has been generally understood as to its limitations—that is to say, that it is a purely defensive compact—and he adds the information that he personally never had anything to do with either the framing of the alliance or its renewal. Circumstances have played a sad trick on the Marquis de Rudini, who has always hated the idea of the Triple Alliance, yet who was forced to assume Ministerial responsibility for its renewal for twelve years in 1885, and is now again under the necessity of publicly blessing it as the safeguard of European peace, even while he curses it in private talk.

The other Triple Alliance which gets itself talked of for the moment in European capitals is not of itself a formidable affair. Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro are said to have established a Balkan League, and of course it is declared to exist for strictly defensive purposes. No alliance ever contemplates even the possibility of being tempted to aggressive deeds. Equally, of course, it is admittedly under Russian patronage. Since Prince Ferdinand's eastward path was cleared by the butchery of Stambuloff, and the Serbian Ministers found Russia willing to lend them the money which Austria and the rest of Europe refused, it has been apparent enough that the Courts at Sophia and Belgrade could be counted upon to play the Russian game. Serbia has deteriorated, commercially and politically, at such a rapid rate during the past five years that very likely its young king, Alexander, is safe enough in mortgaging its future as he pleases. But Prince Ferdinand's grip upon Bulgaria is by no means so secure. So recently as last

April it was touch-and-go with him whether he could keep his throne or not.

The Birmingham City Council, being a body of business men, and not political faddists, have accepted the offer of a Canadian Syndicate who undertake to run the Central Tramways for twenty-one years and pay the city £5,000 per annum for the privilege. Electric traction, halfpenny fares, and shorter hours for the workmen are also provided for. In London the County Council have rejected such an offer, preferring to work for a shadowy "municipalization" in the distant future. The offer of the London Tramways Syndicate was rejected because it was a "Syndicate," which seems a word of terrible import in the County Council mind; whereas, as we have often pointed out, the only basis of discussion for any public body ought to be that of benefit to the rate-payers. The best offer should be accepted in the interests of the citizens at large; and any departure from this safe principle opens up endless vistas of jobbery and corruption. As it is, London is probably saddled for years to come with an antiquated and inefficient system of tramways because Mr. John Burns thinks a Syndicate is not to be trusted.

The London County Council has certainly got into a thoroughly undignified and illogical position over the affair of Captain Simonds. First of all, they called upon the Chief Officer of the Fire Brigade to resign, which he wisely refused to do. Then the Council gave him notice that they intended to terminate his engagement on 15 July, and give him six months' salary. Then came rumours that Captain Simonds intended to bring an action for wrongful dismissal, and the Council grew alarmed. What Captain Simonds actually did was to circulate a very temperate statement of his case, asking whether, under the circumstances, six months' salary was an adequate compensation for the loss of his post and his pension at the end of twenty-eight years. Last Tuesday, some one with a logical mind moved that Captain Simonds be summarily dismissed, in order that he might have the opportunity of clearing his character by an action.

But the Council shied at the notion of a law-suit, and finally it was resolved to refer the whole matter back to the General Purposes Committee with the instruction (in effect) to recommend that Captain Simonds should have a reduced pension for his fifteen years' service. Now, either Captain Simonds should be reinstated or he should be dismissed: he has either been honest or dishonest. We can discover no evidence that he benefited pecuniarily by his report in favour of a particular fire-hose; but that is not the point. To dismiss him with a pension is a thoroughly feeble and illogical compromise, adopted in fear either of public opinion or of legal proceedings.

In view of the approaching marriage between Count von Moltke Hirtfeld and the young lady known in America as Miss Patterson Bonaparte, some of the papers are again getting excited over the old and barren controversy as to the legitimacy of the Patterson branch of the Bonaparte family. The controversy is as pointless as most others in which both parties are right. Although we talk of "the law of the Church" in such matters, marriage is to the lawyer, whether in France, America, or England, simply a contract and not a sacrament, and, like any other contract, it may be legal in one country and void in another. Jerome Bonaparte married Miss Elizabeth Patterson by the law of Pennsylvania and in the United States, and to this day that marriage is valid in every respect. But in France the family plays a larger part than in America, and Napoleon Bonaparte was able to convoke a family council, and, legally and regularly, to procure the abrogation of the marriage. This, of course, affected only the right to succession to property and title in France. Outside France the Patterson family are the legitimate successors to the Bonapartes, the subsequent marriage of Prince Jerome to Princess Katherine of Wurtemberg being absolutely void everywhere except in France.

The greatest piece of legal codification since the

French "Code Civil" was completed on Wednesday, when the German Reichstag finally voted the new Imperial Civil Code. The present "ungodly jumble" of laws will continue in force until the last day of the century, and then the new era will begin. Even before Sedan, in the old days of the Bund, attempts were made to bring about something like order in the conflict of Roman law, French law, German law, and Prussian law, but "particularism" was too strong, and it was not till last summer that the Bundesrath was able to submit a practical scheme to the Reichstag. Any English lawyer who has had to advise a client as to some question affecting property in Germany under a will or a marriage settlement knows to his cost what an awful business is the search for certainty. The next century will open with a brighter prospect. It has taken Germany nearly a century to overtake France in this matter of verification. Perhaps in another hundred years or so England will have become alive to its advantages.

We are glad to see the sensible letter which Sir Courtenay Boyle has sent to the "Times" with regard to the conduct of the Cambridge captain in the Oxford and Cambridge match. "There is no possible difference of principle in shortening your own score and lengthening that of your opponents," says Sir Courtenay Boyle. "In all games it is perfectly fair to give your adversary an advantage calculated to obtain a better one for yourself. In chess a good player sacrifices a piece to gain a position; in billiards a fair player makes a miss or runs a coup; in racing it is often wise to let an opponent go well in front; in whist a good player often leads the losing trump to place the lead, and Mr. Lindsay Lister is a good player who has often profited by that manœuvre; and in cricket itself a side lessens its own score not by knocking down its wickets but by declaring its innings closed." The depreciatory remarks passed upon the Cambridge captain seem, like the howls of the crowd who watched the game, due to our good old English hatred of the smallest and most reasonable innovation. The truth is that the rule of "follow on" does not at all make for "good sport." It was a device intended to enable the winning side to score a still greater victory, to enable the big man to hit the little one he had knocked down.

Nearly all the Reform Union prisoners who so lately were lying under sentence of death in Pretoria have been enjoying themselves at Henley as happily as if the Jameson raid and all its consequences had never happened; and we fancy that most of them would be of the party which, under the charge of Mr. Woolf Joel, went to Plymouth yesterday afternoon to welcome Mr. S. B. Joel on his arrival in the mail steamer "Norham Castle." We also welcome Mr. S. B. Joel, if only because to him, or to his uncle Mr. Barnato, is due, more than to any one else, the credit of having secured freedom for the Johannesburg prisoners.

After a needless delay of several months the Duke of Devonshire on Monday last introduced into the House of Lords the Bill for reforming the University of London by means of a statutory Commission. The Bill follows generally the lines of Lord Playfair's measure of last year, in directing the Commissioners to proceed on the general lines of the Cowper Commission Report; but it instructs them to hear the various bodies concerned, and to see that provision is made for securing adequately the interests of collegiate and non-collegiate students respectively. The Duke's action—now that he has acted—will open the eyes of the country graduates, to whom he has been persistently held up by the party of reaction as opposed to the reconstruction. The limits of misrepresentation were probably reached a month ago in the senatorial election, when, as a result, Sir Joseph Lister was rejected in favour of an obscure graduate who was pledged to oppose reform. The transparent device of asking country graduates to help the Duke of Devonshire by voting (by postcard replies) against reform has been used once too often. We take it that the reconstruction of the University is now only a question of time.

THE INDIAN DEBATE.

HAS the curse of madness literally descended upon the Government? The thought is treason. But how account otherwise for conduct which, after repeated warnings from the unanimous Press of the party, and no indistinct menaces from staunch supporters, drives twenty-three Unionists into the Opposition Lobby for the sake of £35,000? It is the pat phrase of the thick-and-thin Government-man that it is only the young and inexperienced members returned at the last election who, in their ignorance, turn against their political pastors and masters. A glance at the division-list of Monday will dispel this illusion. With the exception of Mr. Bhownaggee, whose vote is entitled to special weight, Mr. Fison, and Mr. Moon—we do not include Sir Lewis M'Iver, because he sat in the short Parliament elected in 1895—none of the protestants are new members. Sir Andrew Scoble, it is true, was only returned in 1892; but he has filled the high office of Legal Member of the Governor-General of India's Council, and his vote, like Mr. Bhownaggee's, has a special value derived from personal experience. All the other Unionists who voted with Mr. Morley are men of mature political judgment, and most of them are ordinarily loyal friends of the Government. Are Mr. Maclean and Mr. Bartley Parliamentary green-horns? Mr. Ernest Beckett has sat in the House of Commons for ten years as member for an important Yorkshire constituency; he has proved on many occasions his familiarity with the problems of our Indian and Colonial Empire, and he has just returned from a prolonged Indian tour in company with Sir John Dickson Poynder. Both he and his fellow-traveller voted against the Government on Monday. Has the loyalty of Mr. J. G. Baird, or Mr. Hulse, or Mr. Kenyon, or Mr. Alan Egerton, or Mr. Vicary Gibbs, or Mr. Banbury ever been questioned before? Yet all these gentlemen followed Mr. Morley on Monday. Discount if you please the votes of such irrepressible free-lances as Mr. Gibson Bowles; but what about the vote of Sir Henry Seymour King? He is the head of the most important banking house in India, and has represented Hull for ten years. Or is Mr. Walter Morrison the specimen of the golden, giddy youth who criticizes his elders, not knowing what he is about? Then there were Mr. Henniker Heaton and Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, both ripe politicians, and both men of remarkable originality of mind as well as independence of action. No: the theory that the critics of the Government are merely the raw boys who floated in at the last election will not do. There is hardly a name in the list of twenty-three that will not carry weight with some section of the public. In fact, it is a very remarkable protest, made by some of the ablest members of the Unionist party.

Of course this list does not comprise all the malcontents; it only includes those who had the courage of their opinions. There were many, very many, other Ministerialists, who were too timid, or too good-natured, to vote against Lord George Hamilton. The Government may thank their stars that the Irish once more failed the Radicals at a critical moment. Had the Irish members mustered in full force the Government majority would have fallen to the neighbourhood of thirty, probably more than one member of the Cabinet would have resigned, and a break-up of the party might have ensued. Why did the Government run this fearful risk? It cannot have been for the money, for it is only £35,000; or, let us take Sir Henry Fowler's estimate, and say £60,000—that cannot have been the motive. We think we know the reason; it was obstinacy, sheer obstinacy. Having been driven into abandoning the great Bill of the Session, the Government apparently thought they must put their foot down somewhere; and they put it down—on India. It is rumoured that Lord George Hamilton fought hard in the Cabinet against his own resolution. It is not improbable, for it flatly contradicts his own despatch, to which we shall refer in a moment. But the whole transaction bears unmistakable traces of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is clear-headed; but he is very opinionated, and when he is crossed his temper is violent—in private, for on the floor of the House he is always urbanity itself. Sir

Michael Hicks-Beach spoke on Monday with the force of conviction, and it is obvious that he has sacrificed the popularity of the Cabinet to his own masterful theory of the relations between the English and Indian Governments.

Into the merits of the question of making India pay the troops that are being sent to Suakin it is not necessary at this hour to enter at any length. The policy of the Government has been so unanimously condemned by their own organs, even the "Morning Post" joining in the chorus of disapproval, and the subject has been so written down to the bone, that only one or two points require notice. Mr. Morley's speech was of course, from every point of view, a failure. It was not even a good historical pamphlet, and as a spoken contribution to the controversy it lacked perspective and point. A laborious analysis of precedents always bores the House of Commons to death. Members want to know what is to be done "now" and "here," and they are willing to take the ancient history as read. Mr. Morley realizes this perfectly when he is addressing a public meeting. But he will not bring himself to look upon the House of Commons as a small public meeting. However, in a desert of sandy precedents, Mr. Morley suddenly brought us to an oasis of common-sense. When A borrows a pair of horses from B, he neither expects B to pay for their keep whilst they are in his stable, nor does he twit B with wishing to "make a saving" by lending them. Lord George Hamilton put the same proposition in the grandiloquent phraseology of a Secretary of State. "It would seem to be established that if the object for which such assistance is required is one in which the Government supplying the troops has no special interest beyond that which must be common to all members of the Empire, the whole cost of the force, so long as it is required, including both ordinary and extraordinary charges, must be borne by the Government that needs its assistance." We wonder how many members who voted that India has "a special and distinct interest" in the Soudan expedition know what is the distance from Suez to Khartum. India is interested in the Suez Canal, and so are Ceylon, Hong-kong, the Straits, Australia, and New Zealand. Why shouldn't all our Eastern possessions and colonies contribute to the cost of the expedition? But what has Khartum to do with the Suez Canal? As Sir Henry Fowler pointed out, Khartum has not been in the possession of the Egyptian Government for twelve years. Has the security of the Suez Canal been affected thereby? If so, no one has known it, for the shares have been steadily rising in value as the traffic has increased. If the recapture of Khartum was avowed to be a British interest, there might be some case for making India send troops at her own cost. But we have been told by Lord Salisbury that the recapture of the Soudan is so purely and distinctively an Egyptian interest that it can only be undertaken with Egyptian money and Egyptian men. When Egyptian resources give out, the expedition is to come back. Now, what has India to do with an Egyptian interest? These are some of the inconsistencies in which we have got ourselves stuck by our Egyptian policy. We first of all pretend that Egypt doesn't belong to us, but to the Khedive, or the Sultan. We then discover that the possession of Khartum is so important for our Empire, that India must send troops to an unhealthy station like Suakin at the hottest time of the year, as it would be both costly and dangerous for us to send British troops there. From such a network of make-believe and meanness what Government can escape with credit?

We wish to say a few words upon the relations between the Government of India and the Secretary of State. We think that Lord Elgin and his Council had decidedly the best of the controversy. There are some who hold the extreme view—the Erastian view, it might be called, to borrow a term from ecclesiastical literature—that the Indian Viceroy and his Council are the mere delegates and agents of the Secretary of State, whose orders they must implicitly obey. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach took that view, from which we emphatically dissent, and which, if persevered in, will, in our opinion, cost us our Indian Empire. A despotism can only be successfully practised on the

spot. An attempt was also made to play off the Secretary of State's Indian Council in London against the Viceroy's Council in India. The Indian Council in London is composed of superannuated Indian officials, who have all of them been eminent men, but most of whom left India many years ago, and who have their own reasons for pleasing the Secretary of State. It is impossible that these veterans *en retraite* can judge the actual circumstances as well as the officials on the spot. The Indian Council in London is responsible to nobody, and has not got to execute the policy which it recommends or to find the money for it.

IS IT REVOLUTION?

SOME dozen years ago, at a Republican National Convention, a politician from the then new State of Colorado was making a speech. He was the tallest, the noisiest, the most uncouth, and the reddest-headed man that even the politics of the Wild West had evolved, and as he swung his windmill arms about, and deafened the assemblage with the clamour of his voice, a delegate from another State rose to a point of order. "Mr. Chairman," he said, when silence had at last been secured for him, "I wish to inquire whether this is a convention or a conflagration." This inquiry might well have been put this week at Chicago. Mr. Smalley is measurably happy in the phrase of "a political insurrection," but this carries with it the suggestion of a disorder which can be suppressed. It is not so certain that the extraordinary proceedings at the Democratic National Convention are not a prelude to the capture of the Federal Government of the United States.

With the characteristic unintelligence of the London Press where American matters are concerned, it has been left to only one paper, the "Standard," to print the full report by Reuter of these proceedings, which are as important and significant as any in which English-speaking people have been engaged in our time. In the "Standard" alone one finds the most instructive piece of news about the Convention which has yet come to hand—namely, that Mr. George Frederic Williams appeared upon the platform and made a confession of conversion to the Silver doctrine so striking that "his concluding words were lost in the tremendous cheering with which his peroration was received." To those who know anything of American politics this must be a most suggestive fact. Mr. Williams is not a great personality in American public affairs; perhaps he may most easily and fairly be compared with Mr. Augustine Birrell here. The interesting thing is that he lives in a State which is entirely opposed to the Silver views he has adopted; and in America a politician cannot move about among constituencies, but must stand or fall by the votes of the community in which he is domiciled. In other words, he commits political suicide by the step he has taken. No young and ambitious man does this without a powerful, compelling reason. We may assume either that he has been actually convinced by the arguments of the Silver-men, or that he has persuaded himself that they are going to win in the impending Presidential contest. In the one case or the other his action is equally significant. It emphasizes the truth of what we pointed out last week, that the Silver propaganda is at least as likely to make converts in the East as the dogma of a Gold standard is to alter opinions in the West and South.

The Convention at Chicago apparently marks the end of the historic Democratic party. At a less critical period the final disruption of this ancient organization would attract general attention. As it is, interest is concentrated upon the extraordinary new organism which, phoenix-like, rises from the ashes of the Jeffersonian structure. At its best it is a protest against the economic injustices which are felt to exist to a greater or lesser extent in every part of Christendom; at its worst it is a kind of belated *Jacquerie*, none the less terrible because its wild hatreds and savage cravings are directed, not against the armed and despotic feudal lords of the Middle Ages, but against the placid and well-ordered rich classes in a Republic at the close of the nineteenth century. In England, nothing in any way re-

sembling such a movement has been known, or has been possible, for at least two hundred years.

The question of a Presidential candidate is still in abeyance as we go to press. Mr. Richard P. Bland of Missouri is supposed to be the favourite of the largest united group, and he is, in the best sense, typical of the Populist ideal of leadership. He is a small farmer, sixty years of age, who wears a collar only on Sundays, and eats at the table with his "hired-man," while Mrs. Bland does her own housework. He is a pious man, invincibly honest despite a long career in Congress, and a very effective stump-speaker in a homely and colloquial vein. He has been a fanatical believer in Silver for a quarter of a century, and the largest silver coin in use in the United States, which was coined under a Bill of his, is still called the "Bland dollar." Very possibly the choice of the Convention may fall upon some less worthy person, but Mr. Bland personifies the highest idea which carries weight at Chicago—of a plain man, who honestly hates riches and the modern methods of accumulating them, and is convinced that revolutionary means against them must be employed. That this involves repudiation, the effacement of the National credit, and at least the temporary commercial ruin of the country, is urged in vain against this vehement impulse to strike down Wall Street. The West and the South say that so far as that is concerned, they can be no worse off than they already are. It cannot injure them to roll Wall Street in the mud, and since they have persuaded themselves that Lombard Street is an even more dangerous enemy, some vague notion of crippling England, as well as the East, gives a patriotic colour to their rage. It all sounds as wild and empty as the harangues of the Dervishes at Omdurman, but it is none the less a serious business, in which millions of English-speaking people are earnestly engaged, and which may as well as not exert a profound influence upon the history of our time.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S REMEDY.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S pamphlet on Parliamentary Procedure comes just in the nick of time. It is a little unfortunate for the House of Commons as an institution that, from a variety of causes too many to be here examined, it should be most closely watched by the public at the least efficient period of its career. But closely watched it is, and so unsatisfactory is the result of the inspection that something will have to be done. Here is a Government with a majority of 150, the largest majority of modern times, which has no more driving power than a Government with a majority that fluctuated between 30 and 13. Mr. Arthur Balfour tells us that it is because this House of Commons is more "eloquent" than any of its predecessors; and truly there never was a House with a larger proportion of clever and active young men. But this explanation of the cause of the evil only suggests two cures—Closure, systematically applied, and a time-limit for speeches. Systematic closure is so repugnant to the general sense of the public that we do not believe it is worth considering as a remedy. A time-limit, though very distasteful to the easy-going habits of the House of Commons, and though open to the great objection that it admits of no distinction between good and bad speakers, might be adopted; but we do not believe it, either, would cure the weakness. Adopt a ten-minutes limit, and the only effect will be that, in the eight hours between four o'clock and midnight, instead of sixteen speakers at an average of half an hour each, you will have forty-eight speakers occupying ten minutes a-piece. Many men who are now shut out would welcome a ten-minutes limit. But what saving of time would be effected? And would discussion be really improved by ringing Mr. Asquith or Mr. Chamberlain down after ten minutes?

Sir Edward Clarke's proposal to carry Bills over from one Session to another has been advocated by that distinguished lawyer and politician for over fourteen years. In 1882, after he had sat in the House for only three years, Mr. Edward Clarke proposed this change of procedure to the House of Commons in a speech which is republished in the pamphlet before us, and which breathes the true spirit of rational Conservatism.

What is called Obstruction by the Ins when it is practised by the Outs, is often defended on the ground that the less legislation we have the better. Sir Edward Clarke answered that argument in the following wise and weighty words:—"In the present system of elaborate social relations there must be change, and all change involves and requires legislation. It is my firm belief that many a measure which, while in progress, produces Radical agitation, when it once becomes law constitutes an element of Conservative strength, through the feeling of relief that the particular questions dealt with by it have at last been settled." There is something of the broad and searching philosophy of Burke in these reflections. In 1890, when Mr. had become Sir Edward Clarke, and had taken a prominent and brilliant part in debate for ten years, he actually converted a Select Committee to his view. Mr. Goschen proposed a new Standing Order that "in respect of any Public Bill which is in progress in Committee of the whole House, or in a Standing Committee, or which has been reported therefrom, or which has reached any further stage, a motion may be made (after notice given) by a member in charge of Bill, 'That further proceedings on such Bill be suspended until the next Session,' and no amendment shall be moved to such motion." Then there follow provisions for taking up the Bill next Session at the stage at which it was interrupted, though before this can be done the first and second readings must again be voted, but without debate. It has to be observed, firstly, that it is not proposed to apply this rule to Estimates, but only to Bills, so that no derangement of the financial year would ensue; and, secondly, that it is only applicable to Bills that have got into Committee. The Report of this Committee was adopted by 11 votes to 8. The 11 Ayes were Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, Lord Hartington, Mr. Jennings, Colonel Malcolm, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. T. W. Russell, Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. John Talbot. The 8 Noes were Mr. Dillon, Mr. Dillwyn, Sir William Harcourt, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Whitbread. These names speak for themselves.

We believe Sir Edward Clarke's plan to be the only remedy for the present impotence of Parliament. Speakers in the House of Commons may be divided into three classes—those who speak for themselves, those who speak for their constituencies, and those who speak to prevent legislation. The first class are the ambitious men; and when we say they speak for themselves we mean nothing disparaging. They are never obstructionists, because they are generally men with the oratorical temperament, and they are always afraid of losing their reputation. The second class are easily contented with a speech or two on local questions. The serious obstructionists are the men who, being really earnest in their objection to certain legislation, fight it off with the only weapon left to the modern warrior, the tongue. These men are not to be blamed. From a moral point of view, they are to be praised; for no one who was not very serious, and very earnest, and possessed by strong convictions, would undergo the drudgery of talking against time, especially without fee. But these modern paladins are bringing the House of Commons to the ground; and the only way of dealing with them is Sir Edward Clarke's plan, which would destroy all motive for obstruction. That Sir Edward's proposal would also hit the small and by no means respectable class of members who try to prevent the Government from doing anything because it is the Government, is of course an additional reason for its adoption.

THE INSIDE TRACK TO CHINA.

WHEN the Convention "chiefly concerning the affairs of Siam"—dealing, however, with the whole question of Indo-China—concluded last January by Lord Salisbury and Baron de Courcel was first made public, the reception accorded to it in this country was far from enthusiastic, an attitude which seemingly has not since been greatly modified. The public seems to have been under the impression that what had been

possible some years ago—notably in 1889, and in a lesser degree even some three years ago—was possible in 1896. This was entirely a delusion; for not only had the local situation in Indo-China been altering for the worse so far as British interests were concerned, but on the wider international field, in various parts of the world, our position had become gradually beset with difficulties of a most serious character. Under the circumstances then existing, the arrangement come to with France was, I believed then and believe still, quite as favourable as could be expected; and if British enterprise be now what it has been in the past, we may confidently hope not only to hold our own, but even to recover lost ground in Indo-China. Territorially, our gain in mere area has been inconsiderable as compared with that of France, the French sphere reaching to the Menam drainage basin, including Angkor, Battambang, and Chantabun, while ours is confined to the Malay peninsula and a narrow strip on the west of Siam. But mere acquisition of territory in that particular region would be a very doubtful blessing. From the commercial and political points of view, however, very considerable advantages have to be set down to our credit.

The so-called "surrender" of territory under the agreement, on which so much stress has been laid, impairing our prestige, it is said, and giving us a second Indian frontier to defend against a European Power of the first rank, was, in my opinion, a politic step, for the territory was in itself valueless, and the co-terminous frontier in any case a foregone conclusion. It must be borne in mind that the possibility of creating a small buffer State in the north of Siam, if ever politic and possible, had passed away. Commercially, as regards Siam, it is difficult to see how more favourable terms could have been obtained. In this respect the supremacy of England, whose trade now counts for 97 per cent. of the total, is assured almost as effectively against hostile tariffs as if the Government of the country, with its attendant responsibilities and cost, were undertaken by us. The chief port, Bangkok, is secured, too, not alone against any possible aggression of the French, but of any other foreign Power.

One of the chief demerits of the arrangement, as commonly urged, is that the difficulties of access to the markets of Yunnan and Szechuan have been greatly increased; in some quarters it is even said that the railway line as proposed by me can no longer be carried to Szumao. As the first Englishman to set foot in Szumao as the projector and advocate for many years of a Burmah China railway, my opinion in this matter may perhaps carry some weight. My belief is that the territory which the English Government declined to contest with France was not of supreme importance for the purpose of railway communication, and that Szumao can still be reached, though doubtless at greater expense than formerly, either *via* Siam or from the Kunlon Ferry in Upper Burma.

The important statement recently made by Lord Salisbury with regard to the markets of South-West China, and railway enterprise in Indo-China, is a great advance on any previous governmental announcement on the subject. It clears the ground, and shows what is to be expected and what not. All I had fought for in the past is not conceded, it must be admitted; but the circumstances, as already explained, have made it necessary to modify one's views, and as matters stand all that could reasonably be hoped for seems to me gained. The main principles have been accepted—namely, that effective access to the vast markets of South-West China is impossible from the Chinese littoral; that railways from Burma—where we occupy such an admirable base of operations—must furnish the means for entering China "from behind," to use Lord Salisbury's term, and that the assistance of the British and Indian Governments will be given for this purpose. This seems to me to cover the most important points contended for by the commercial community of the country.

The promised assistance, it is true, is to be limited to lines within British territory—an inevitable decision with the present political situation—and consequently the choice of lines formerly existing becomes restricted. There are three possible railway routes starting from British territory: the Burma-Ralung-Szumao line, which

would run chiefly through Siam, the Rangoon-Karenni line, and the Kunlon Ferry line. The first of these, under the decision of Lord Salisbury, as a foreign line, will be excluded from the assistance of our Government, though even here it would seem that for the portion within the British border connecting the Siamese section with Maulmain a guarantee may be looked for. The Karenni route may be dismissed as extremely difficult, unsurveyed, and unfavourably regarded by the Government of India. There remains the Kunlon Ferry line, the choice of the Indian Government. Not an ideal scheme, it has at least the great merit of making a beginning, and as the Indian Government at last seems in earnest in the matter, it would be folly not to support the scheme. The chief objection to the line has been removed by Lord Salisbury's approval of its being carried *via* Szumao, the best approach to Yunnan, and not by way of Tali-fu, which would end the line in a *cul-de-sac*, and too far west. Once we have this railway to Szumao, and trade develops, the Siam line will very soon follow. There is room for both.

But there remains the question of the extension of the railway into China. Why not press for an arrangement with China for the crossing of the frontier? Lord Salisbury's view, however, that no great difficulties will be encountered in this respect when the Chinese border is reached, is without doubt quite right. "You provide a powerful and solvent company," he said, "we will assist you as far as we can to bring it to the edge of the British territory, and when we have done so—it may seem arrogant to say it to you—I have not the slightest doubt we shall be able to penetrate into foreign territory whenever we think it is desirable to do so." The Chinese, it will be urged, do not act like other people, and what happens elsewhere is no guide as to what will occur on their frontier. But, notwithstanding the abnormally conservative and retrograde character of the Celestials, it will be found that they will not oppose, but welcome, the railway. The Chinese are an intensely utilitarian, practical people; and once let the Yunnanese begin to realize the advantages of the rail, and pressure would soon be brought to bear upon the Central Government at Peking. In the North of China we have a good object-lesson in this question of railways. At first the inhabitants were as much opposed there as elsewhere to their introduction, but no sooner was the line from the Kaiping mines to the Tientsin River working than its advantages to local industries became apparent, leading to petitions in favour of railway extension being laid before the Peking Government, and ultimately with success. What has happened in the North will be repeated in South-West China.

Once the railway enters China, it will rapidly pass across Yunnan to the Yangtze River, at a point near its navigation-limit, and pierce Szuchuan, our chief objective in the Chinese Empire, whence will one day radiate a network of railways. With the necessity for new markets fully acknowledged, when so much is being done to open Uganda and other undeveloped markets in Africa, surely to reach this cut-off field of Szuchuan, with its seventy millions, industrious, thrifty, well-to-do, inhabiting a country crammed with resources, agricultural and mineral, is deserving of our most serious efforts. It is the one rich market of vast proportions still remaining in the whole world ready to be opened, if we only have the courage and enterprise to undertake the task.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

HENLEY ROWING.

THE Editor has asked me to contribute a few notes upon Henley rowing of this year. But I can only do so in respect of the preliminary practice and of the results, as, although I was able to ride with most of the boats in practice, my Parliamentary duties prevented me from attending at the Regatta.

The "Saturday Review" last week named three winners out of five for the principal events, and its one mistake and one doubt were in respect of races where the facts, nevertheless, justified the forecast made. New rather than Leander was favoured by you for the Grand Challenge, and I think with you that New was the better crew; indeed, it is to my mind doubtful whether a finer College crew than New has ever rowed.

The enormous power of Leander and the advantage of the station in a terrible wind gave the race to a crew which was worthy of the traditions of its Club, and fit to win the Grand Challenge in any ordinary year. New College stroke is charged with want of judgment in having dashed off with too great a lead, and with having exhausted the spurting powers of his crew in maintaining that lead as long and as handsomely as he maintained it; but, with my knowledge of the effect of a lead on the Henley course, I cannot join in blaming him. A more interesting subject, however, for a non-sporting paper than the merits of Oxford Past and Oxford Present is the performance of Yale. There can be no doubt that, as you said last week, and as you said last year about Cornell, American oarsmen train more conscientiously than do ours, and treat rowing more thoroughly as a business. Cornell were a somewhat conceited crew; but Yale are modest. Yale have already shown and said that they intend to imitate our longer style, and there can be no doubt that they will do so, and that the next time they come to Henley it will take the best crew that England can produce, with the most perfect training, to beat them. That it is not impossible for a perfect crew to paddle short and to row long is shown by New. Mr. Whitworth, their stroke, never rowed out the finish at a paddle, but rowed the stroke fully through when the paddle was extended into a strong row. Yale were similarly able to convert their shorter stroke at times into a long powerful row; but they could not do this and yet manage a quick stroke; and it was at this point that they failed, and in order to row a quick-enough stroke for the Henley course they were forced to row the shorter American style. They will undoubtedly work at the combination of the quick stroke with length, and will attend to their recovery from the long swing back; and our crews will have in future to train better than they do in the present day if great crews of old oarsmen, or what are sometimes called crews of names, are to stand a chance with them the next time they come to Henley.

The racing for the Sculls was excellent, and the "married missionary" from Japan, of whom you pleasantly wrote last week, showed that if, as you expected, he did not win, he nevertheless was able to make a magnificent struggle with one of the best men. That Mr. Swann should have done better after his long absence than he used to do many years ago when, in the height of his rowing triumphs, he competed for the Sculls at Henley, shows that age and retirement are no bar to excellence when a man works as conscientiously as he has done.

The other races presented no features of remarkable interest, and turned out as the best judges were inclined to anticipate they would. On the whole, we may safely pronounce Henley to have been above the average, and may congratulate ourselves that amateur rowing and amateur sculling were never in a better condition than they are at present.

The occasional triumphs of Cambridge seem over for a time. Oxford, Eton, and Radley styles were altogether predominant this year, and the decline of Third Trinity at Cambridge means that the tendency of men from the Eton eight to go exclusively to Oxford will continue to be marked; while Radley has always, not unnaturally, been a source of continued strength to Oxford University. Whatever care may be given to the choice of the next Cambridge crew, and however much the smaller colleges (such as Emmanuel and Caius, which are doing well) may be ransacked, it is to be feared that next year's University race must be a certainty for Oxford. This and the decline of metropolitan crews are the unfortunate facts about English rowing at the present time, for Oxford and Eton rowing were never in greater strength.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

A VIEW OF SERVIAN POLITICS.

(BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT BELGRADE.)

BELGRADE, June, 1896.

EVERY Servian is a politician, and, as the three parties are divided by men rather than measures, there is no difficulty in arriving at a consensus of Servian opinion.

The first article on the programme is the proclamation of Greater Serbia. This is the keynote of the foreign policy, and is a point of honour not only with every Servian, but with every Serb—by which term is meant every Outlander of Servian origin across the frontiers, in Croatia, Slavonia, Hungary, Macedonia, and even Bulgaria. The Prince of Montenegro acquired additional popularity by giving expression to these sentiments in his speech at the palace, and it is now understood that the two countries, considering themselves alike Serb, will work together for this object in future. Although the Montenegrins would never give up their dearly-bought independence, and have probably little desire to risk their invulnerability by increasing their territory, sentiment and interest alike impel them to work with Serbia. That they have not done so hitherto was due to a personal quarrel with King Milan, as well as to the Karageorgevitch marriage. Now that that marriage is dissolved and King Milan is in exile, the Prince of Montenegro can give free rein to Montenegrin impulses, and come forward as the first ally of Serbia in the new confederacy of Balkan States.

That such a confederacy exists, no one who has visited the Balkans recently can doubt for an instant. The various visits and projected visits of the Balkan sovereigns might be mere acts of politeness, as Balkan statesmen zealously assure us, but the voice of the man in the street proclaims the alliance with no uncertain sound, and we may be certain that, if it has not yet been signed, sealed and delivered, it has found yet more permanent existence in the hearts of the people. Moreover, it is the only natural alliance for the various little States, and their only chance of realizing their broader aspirations. At loggerheads with each other, they were at the mercy of their big neighbours. It was the absence of this alliance which compelled Serbia to remain so long under the yoke of Austria. Now that she has thrown that yoke off, her swine trade suffers for the moment, but she expects to dictate her own terms before very long.

As for the influence of Russia, it is only endured as the lesser of two evils, and has no solid or permanent foundation. She is mistrusted almost as much in Serbia as in Bulgaria. To begin with, the recollection of San Stefano is still an open wound to the Serb, who feels, almost as acutely as the Roumanian, that he was made a catspaw of Russia during the war. Then he saw a chance of the Greater Serbia of his dreams, and he still grumbles that Bulgaria was not given to him instead of being erected into an independent State. Bulgarian aspirations, and, perhaps, some memories of Slivnitza, form the main obstacle to the permanency of the new Balkan alliance; but for the present, and indeed for some time to come, there is no reason why Serbia and Bulgaria should not work together for the many objects they have in common.

The Balkan States are now in the birth-pangs of a new condition of things, and, if our diplomacy were not consistently blind to our interests, we should not neglect an opportunity which may never recur. Our right to be consulted in the affairs of Turkey has long been admitted, but the Balkan States have been suffered to pass under the control of nearer neighbours, although recollections of our acquiescence in the emancipation of Serbia and Bulgaria inspire friendliness for us, a feeling which might easily be developed into something stronger, now that Russia is mistrusted and Austria has been given the go-by. Moreover, the Balkans offer a new field for our trade, which we have been foolish to neglect. A very small effort should suffice to oust the inferior manufacturers of Austria, now at the nick of her unpopularity, and, if necessary, that effort might be fostered advantageously by offering a few small bounties.

The Servians themselves are shrewd enough to perceive that their immediate concern must be not so much with a spirited foreign policy as with the active development of their internal resources. An immense amount has been done since the withdrawal of the Turks, but an immense amount still remains to be done. New roads, railways, pavement, rifles, and other necessities are urgently required, and only await the arrangement of a new loan. It is the fashion to represent Servian finance as in a desperate condition, but that is to leave out of account the extensive resources of the Servian

soil and people. As it is, Servian bees are worth two-thirds of the civil list, while the monopolies of tobacco and salt provide more than one-fifth of the Budget. The direct taxes amount to little more than six shillings per head per annum, and the thrifty peasants could well afford to pay two or three times that amount at a pinch. Moreover, there are great metallic riches in the country, not excepting silver and gold, which only await capital to develop them and increase the resources of the country a hundredfold. Well may the Servians exclaim at the foolishness of our investors, who squander their savings in shady African enterprises, when there is so much genuine business to be done almost at their doors.

The country itself is in a state of profound calm, and there exists no dangerous element to disturb it. The heads of the Karageorgevitch family have so discredited themselves by a series of scandals that they have lost what friends they possessed abroad and partisans at home; the Socialists, even if there are many, lie quiet; and even the Radicals have nothing to desire, except, perhaps, a revision of the Constitution, and their own return to office. On the whole, to sum up my impressions, I am convinced that the prospects of Serbia were never more promising, and that so long as she continues in her present paths, her friends have nothing to fear on her behalf.

CERTAIN CRITICAL OPINIONS.

MR. ANDREW LANG may be found by the curious this month in the homely obscurity of "Longman's Magazine" vehemently scolding a fellow-reviewer. The fellow-reviewer, it seems, declined through "gross ignorance or puerile affectation"—which shows the temper the man is in—to understand "sculduddery" and "bauchles" ("Weir of Hermiston"). "Ettercaps" and "carlines," too, stuck in the offender's throat, and he protested against the glossary of two hundred words suffixed to the fragment in question. Hence "ignorant and stupid," "excessively unread and inordinately dull," and indeed a painful display of the less genial side of an interesting personality. And incidentally some curious intimations of Mr. Lang's conceptions of the proper qualification of a reviewer. For the most part they are what one might expect from this master of apt, entertaining allusion, knowledge, extensive reading, chopped fine perhaps, but certainly not digested, a kind of lawyer's knowledge of literary precedent. And nothing further, save only more knowledge and still more knowledge. "These words," he pleads—the two hundred Scotch words in the "Weir of Hermiston" glossary—"are of constant occurrence in Burns, Scott, and the Ballads." In which case the glossary was a blunder. "The learned newspaper critic," which is probably Mr. Lang's irony, must know as much; "the Scotch Ballads, the Waverley Novels, and Burns's poems are familiar to every Englishman with the slightest pretensions to literature." Word perfect, in fact, down to the dreariest Waverley of them all, must the critic of the Lang school be. "A critic ought to be enough of a philologist to comprehend them, especially by aid of the context." Finally, a straight counsel to the "Athenæum" editor, under whose auspices the offence appeared:—"However, if they will insist on averring that they review Scotch novels in ignorance of Scotch, Latin essays in ignorance of Latin, and translation from Greek in ignorance of Greek, we can only say it is time for them to receive the homely compliment of the sack." And then, plaintively, "There must surely be qualified men who would do the work; if not, the pretence of doing the work had better be dropped altogether." And so he passes to a specimen of real criticism just to show how it is done. Professor Goldwin Smith has a date wrong; Scott died in 1832, and not in 1836, as stated. He puts that neatly, and there you are!

How clearly all this demonstrates the peculiar standpoint of the Academic school. Put crudely, the system of this criticism is as follows: the entire works, good and bad together, of a series of men now dead are adopted as a canon of excellence in each department of literature; these works are studied philologically, passages of peculiar merit are learnt by rote for purposes of allusion and quotation, the dates of publication, the

private life of the author, any amusing anecdotes concerning him, and textual developments in successive editions, are "got up" as if for examination purposes; and so the critic attains his "pretensions to literature." "Pretensions to literature!" Shade of Miss Jenkyns! Now present him with a new book, and immediately the comparison to Miss Jenkyns justifies itself. He goes through it first for misquotations, printers' errors, and incorrect dates. He finds "iridescent" printed for "iridescent," as did a "Times" critic recently in a book by "Rita," and behold the thing is done! "Why cannot our popular novelists get educated people to help them write?" he asks genially of an able story-teller, and so disposes of her. But if the book passes in these issues, the critic-examiner next turns to the story. Does it follow the canonical books or is it heresy? Mr. Lang, in an American magazine, for instance, condemned "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham"—indisputably the best work "John Oliver Hobbes" has so far done—on the score that the heroine was a "taupie"—whatever a "taupie" may be. Drawn ill, drawn well, no "taupie" shall pose as heroine with impunity while Mr. Lang is critic. This is on a piece with the simple playgoers who hiss the villain, but it embodies a type of reviewing exceeding common. Again and again one sees reviews beginning "Mr. Blank introduces us to some extremely disagreeable people," and proceeding in the form of a feebly satirical attack on the characters of the story, almost as if they were real persons. More than half of the adverse notices of "The Woman Who Did" were of this sort—an inartistic book certainly, but had it been the culmination of the art of fiction, it would have met with much the same reception from these worthy scholars. The "Daily Chronicle" quarrels with Mr. Morley Roberts on the score that his stories usually centre upon murder, suicide, or some such violent act, and contends that no book should be published likely to over-excite young children or women in delicate health; while the "Times" protests against a slightly novel story, on the score that "we do not know to what it may lead." On the same principles that creature of shreds and patches, Mr. S. R. Crockett, ranks with Stevenson in the minds of the Academic school.

Given, however, an orthodox book of which the proofs have been carefully read, the Academic reviewer proceeds to the orthodox types of appreciation. This character is reminiscent of Di Vernon, that delightful passage is fit almost to stand beside the brilliant opening of the "Talisman," and the fight in the inn is worthy of Dumas. So the dead hand of an accomplished literature oppresses us. That is his highest; for it would tatter his self-respect intolerably to admit to himself that a living contemporary, undated, should merit more than the compliment of comparison with the monumental past. To the Academic critic, clever imitation is infinitely above originality—a dead dog is better than a living lion.

Now it is open to dispute, not only whether this extraordinary outfit of textual and personal lore, demanded by Mr. Lang, is the chief, but even whether it is a necessary, part of the critical equipment. For it is obvious, since we have had no divine revelation in literary matters, that the canonical writers of the academic school attained their position and retain it by the recognition of excellence inherent in their work, and that the lucid discussion, analysis, and demonstration of the texture and structure of these works must be in itself, without any decorative allusions, a sort of criticism. One may instance Poe's treatment of the story of "Barnaby Rudge." This sort of criticism, we must point out to Mr. Lang, is entirely more fundamental than the trivial erudite discourse he affects. And the necessary equipment for such criticisms, while far more rare than the "pretensions to literature" he insists upon, is in many ways antagonistic to the equipment he demands. It is all the contrast between cram and science, between cargo and ammunition, fat and muscle. Any man of industry and intelligence who chose to give an hour a day for a year or so could cram to the possibility of such a facility as Mr. Lang's—indeed, one finds it hard to differentiate his anonymous work from that of his imitators; but to appreciate essentials, to understand the bearing of structural expedients upon design, to get

at an author through his workmanship, to analyse a work as though it stood alone in the world, save where plagiarism is concerned, after the fashion of Poe, is an entirely different matter. A certain analytical turn of mind, by no means common, and perhaps unattainable by any educational process, is the primary condition.

In the next place the critic must himself be an expert at technique. He must have attempted and failed, and attempted again and learnt, and attempted again and succeeded, before he can begin to form an opinion even on the structural merits of a book. And, in addition, he must have a vast breadth of sympathy to understand the various standpoints, the various aims of fiction. He must, that is, have a powerful imagination. And here the typical Academic critic fails altogether. Take the "Monk of Fife," and see how miserably Mr. Lang practises the art he judges so glibly. He cannot construct any sequence of effects or any development of character; he does not seem indeed to have any idea of such construction; his book is a mere dribble of inconsistent incidents from an overcrowded mind, indifferently told. And in the fact of his even having attempted fiction he rises above the run of the Academic school of reviewers, who are for the most part mere clever scholars, extension lecturers and the like, let loose upon novelists for their sins. And, naturally enough, such men, who know of no criticism but the criticism that is concerned with words, who strain at a phrase, and confuse subject and method, cannot understand the criticism of a translation by a man ignorant of the language of the original. But obviously, a man of artistic capacity (which is, after all, only imagination plus analysis) may deal with every literary quality of a translated work, save only the quality of phrasing and the precision of the rendering.

The immediate quarrel which has precipitated these remarks does not interest us very much. It is evident the "Athenæum" reviewer, with his concern about "bauchles" and "ettercaps," is just another Academic person, and that Mr. Lang, who is excessively read and humorously impenetrable, may be justified by facts in calling his fellow-schoolman "excessively unread and inordinately dull." The Southron Saturday Reviewer read the book without inconvenience, and that much is for Mr. Lang. But Mr. Lang raised a wide issue incidentally, and the squabble serves as a convenient pretext for insisting on the separation between these learned writers about books with their "pretensions to literature" and critics proper with their technical training and natural equipment. The "criticism" of Mr. Lang, of the annotated classic, of the College of Preceptors examinations of the pedagogue, is not only distinct from, but antagonistic to, the criticism of the artist. And the difference is the perpetual conflict between pedant and maker, between past and future, between the Chinese and English, of the intellectual world. Even in these matters there are degrees. Imagine, for instance, Mr. Lang's "pretensions to literature" under examination at Pekin.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NAKEDNESS.

THE life of animals and plants is a continual struggle against surrounding conditions, and the more closely a living creature is studied in relation to its environment, the more marvellously detailed seems its protective armour. Against the heavier slings and arrows of fortune, the attacks of stronger or sharper-toothed creatures, the defence is usually obvious enough. The most direct and apparently least successful fashion is an enormous development of external armour. The creatures become transformed into lumbering forts, scarce able to drag themselves along. Such to-day are a large number of turtles, tortoises and shell-fish, and the wreckage of extinct forms in fossil-bearing rocks of every age shows how frequently and how unsuccessfully this method of armour-plating has been adopted. Quite apart from the heavy drain upon the resources of the animal to produce and support this passive defence, it is by no means so efficient as it would seem. An oyster or a scallop seems securely protected against those external enemies who attempt crudely to break into the shell. But throw a starfish into a tank in

which scallops are resting, apparently immovable in the bottom mud: by smell, or perchance by sight, they recognize their enemy, and with ungainly splashing leaps, like drunken butterflies, they attempt to flap their heavy bodies to a securer spot. For the starfish is able to conquer the shell; holding on to its surface by a thousand sucker-like feet, he everts his stomach as a corrosive pad against the shell, and soon reaches the nutrient flesh. It is better to sally forth against the enemy than to lie *perdu* behind walls however strong, and many creatures defend themselves more successfully by weapons of offence. Horn and hoof, teeth and claws, invisible poisonous lassoes, stings and darts, and devices almost innumerable, may serve simply as defences. Another method equally in vogue with Nature, who is careless about a point of honour, is the simple device of running away. Sharpened sight, smell, and hearing act as sentinels to warn fleet creatures when to fly. Others, again, escape danger by avoiding it; they live under stones or in caves, or they imitate sticks or leaves or inanimate objects, so that they avoid unpleasant attentions. More subtle are the devices of the creatures which, naturally endowed with unpleasant flavours, advertise their nauseous taste by the brightest of colours. "Regard my orange and scarlet coat," they would seem to say to the lizard or bird who was eyeing them hungrily. "I am like my bright coloured brother whom you swallowed yesterday. Pray remember how sick he made you." And thus a few die for the race. Most subtle of all are those who are not unpalatable themselves, but simulate the appearance of creatures that are unpalatable.

All such devices have it in common that they are addressed against creatures of strength and intelligence, against open enemies who may be resisted or foiled or deceived. But living things are subject to attacks from more insidious foes, from foes that come in overpowering numbers, that are too small, almost too insignificant, to be dealt with by bolder methods, and that are yet most dangerous of all. Everywhere but on the loftiest mountain-peaks or in the coldest depths of the great oceans, a rain of micro-organisms, the spores of bacilli and of moulds, settles on the external surfaces of living things. Some of these are harmless; many of them are ready to live and multiply, corroding and making to fester the fair surface of the body. Larger creatures, ticks and parasites of all kinds, assail them on all sides, while vegetative growths find root-hold on the most unlikely surfaces. As the bottom of a ship, come from a long voyage, is foul with growths that impede its movements and eat into its substance, so the surface of every living thing is like to become ruined by extrinsic life. The heavy-armoured creatures are in the hardest case; their slower movements and less sensitive outer surface make them a ready prey; to be kept in perfect order they would require to be docked at intervals and scraped, like a ship. In a tank in the reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens there may be seen just now an old snapping turtle that is a forest of parasitic growths. But there is no dry dock in nature, and greater liability to the attacks of parasites may well be a potent cause of the comparative failure of heavy armour.

Those who go down to the sea in ships or who dally with Admiralty reports may know that immense ingenuity and time has been spent upon the invention of scaling paints, of substances that slowly peel off the bottom of a ship, carrying with them the young crop of parasites, and so retarding the inevitable fouling. The great majority of successful animals are provided with an analogue of these scaling surfaces, an analogue that has the advantage of renewing itself. In our own case, for instance, the surface of the skin hourly is shedding invisible, impalpable scales that carry with them innumerable spores ere these have been able to multiply. A naked man, bathed by the elements, and a civilized man who bathes daily, each casts from him this cleansing effusion. He who has acquired the habit of clothes without the habit of unclothing, by his indecious garments brings to nought the offices of Nature. Naked man was clean; decoration was the origin of dirt. Man, the most naked of the higher animals, is the cleanest and healthiest of them, and the degeneration of hair was a great step in this direction. Even crea-

tures with fur and feathers shed their coats at intervals, and so cast from them a considerable part of their acquired stock of minute enemies. Similarly, reptiles periodically cast their skins, insects and lobsters and crayfish their horny coverings.

In various groups of the lower creatures there are to be found high and specially successful genera which, like man, have transcended their fellows by becoming naked. In these, moreover, there is frequently found the additional cleansing device of a copious production of slime which washes off foreign and irritating bodies. Thus, frogs are naked and slimy; behind them lies a long series of extinct kinsmen, covered with bony non-deciduous scales. The lamprey and the hag-fish are the slimy, naked survivors of forgotten sets of bony, armoured creatures. Slugs and squids are the princes of the tribes of molluscs; they are naked and slimy, and carry concealed under their backs the tiny relics of shells which link them to extinct heavy-armoured creatures. Leeches and earthworms are smooth-skinned and slimy, and they had ancestors bearded like the pard. The simplest experiments show that in all these cases an application of irritants to the skin at once excites a copious production of slime, and slight observation is enough to show that all these creatures are freer than their "protected" kinsmen from external parasites. Nothing is easier or more frequently done than to ruin a proposition like this by pushing its application too far, for Nature is not to "bind or hold" by single laws; but there is much to be said for the theory that once a sufficient measure of agility, intelligence, or strength has been reached, animals have become naked that they may cope with their least conspicuous but most insidious enemies.

CONCERNING OPERA.

IT is as well that the meaning of terms should be clear, so I begin by defining an economist as a gentleman who understands other people's business better than they do themselves, who has an intuitive knowledge of facts that they could only derive from a long and minute audit of their accounts, and who is incapable of sustaining an argument for ten minutes unless you allow as a first premiss that under no circumstances can he be mistaken. For a long time the word, when used in discussions of art matters, gave me serious trouble; for it seemed impossible to learn precisely what my adversary understood by it. Clearly, not the commonly accepted meaning, as that reduced his arguments to the merest nonsense; for obviously the profoundest knowledge and the clearest views of the laws of supply and demand, so forth, could not help one to reasonable conclusions in affairs where facts and figures were purely a matter of guessing, or even beyond that. For a time I thought it must have something to do with the said adversary's gift for living economically on lentils and porridge; and whenever the word cropped up I used to hang my head with a guilty consciousness of being the most extravagant mortal on earth. And this dim feeling of inferiority ultimately set me upon the track which led to my great discovery of the true meaning of the word as set forth above. All then became clear as the sun at mid-day. I saw at once (for example) that because the late Sir Augustus Harris achieved his success in one and not in another way, he therefore achieved no success at all; that because the motive which prompted him to mount "Tristan" was not at all an artistic motive, he therefore never did mount "Tristan"; that though brains are needed to bring a small enterprise to a happy ending, no brains at all are needed to make a success of a great undertaking—that therefore Sir Augustus Harris was triumphant without brains in "all sorts of enterprises which [were] too big to be upset by [his] misunderstandings"; that he ran such a large number of enterprises that though none of them singly paid, yet taken in the lump they paid handsomely—which means that thirty times nothing is (say) £10,000 a year; that because "he was saturated with the obsolete traditions of the days of Tietjens" the vast improvement seen of late years in the quality of the Covent Garden performances, and the gradual abandonment of those traditions,

were not due in the least to him but to some vague influence not determined; and so forth, and so forth.

It is hard to see what excuse can be offered for such a tedious exposition of the fact that there are milestones on the Dover Road, and for the preposterous inference drawn from that simple fact, the inference, namely, that the moon is made of green cheese. It is true that one or two professionally sentimental journalists did seize the opportunity of Sir Augustus Harris's death to rush before the public with the tears wet upon their cheeks; it is true also that the blank outlook for the future may have led one or two others to see the past in excessively roseate hues. But why not have shied stones at these journalists instead of at the unfortunate impresario's grave? The truth about Sir Augustus Harris and his business methods is no worse than the truth about nearly every other manager in London. If he tried to suppress the musical critic of the "World," he had ample reason—far more reason, for instance, than the Philharmonic Society had for trying to suppress that same critic some years ago and the musical critic of the "Saturday Review" more recently. Besides, Sir Augustus Harris was under the influence of a bad adviser when he tried to suppress the "World" man; and lately, at any rate, he tried to suppress no one—not even me, who sometimes scalped his singers, his stage manager, his chorus, with unparalleled ferocity. He did not like to be scalped—I know no one who does. If he secured a monopoly of opera, it was because a monopoly was the one condition on which opera could be run with the remotest chance of success; and though that condition does not hold in theatric art I should like to learn the name of a theatrical manager who would not seize the opportunity of shutting up his rival's theatre. If he engaged singers to prevent a possible rival entering the field, is there any one in the smallest degree familiar with what goes on in theatrical circles who does not know of more than one actor-manager who has engaged ladies to do nothing to prevent them becoming rivals of his wife, or who has engaged gentlemen to do nothing that they may not compete with himself? And as for the way in which Sir Augustus Harris treated his singers, he had my complete sympathy: no treatment could be too bad for Italian opera singers. When once they got the upper hand, see how they treated *him*—nay, see how they treat one another. There is no trick too despicable for these people if by resorting to it they can damage a rival or a friend's rival; and a prima donna who has seen fifty summers would not hesitate a moment about adopting a line of action that might ruin the chances of success of a girl of twenty. I will mention a typical instance. In Mr. Lago's last season at Covent Garden a Miss A. made a success in a certain part which had been previously played by a Miss B. Miss B. immediately told Mr. Lago that if Miss A. were allowed to take the part again she (Miss B.) would throw up her engagement; and as Miss B. was considered the better "draw" she had her way. Were these the people entitled to any consideration? The truth is that Sir Augustus did not and could not treat them badly enough. "A mason, a carpenter, or an engine fitter" can at least do their work, the work they are engaged to do, but not one singer in ten can, or if she or he can, will. They nobble the critics instead, and flatter them and ask them to lunch; they pour forth copious floods of thanks for a favourable notice, and just as copious floods of abuse if the notice is not favourable; and only the facts that they are not in England more than a few months of the year and that foreigners are not affectionately regarded by the average juryman prevent them engaging every critic who dares to say his mind in a series of expensive and troublesome libel actions on frivolous pretexts.

I hold no brief for Sir Augustus Harris; I was on hand-shaking terms with him and nothing more; I cannot pretend that his death caused me more sorrow than I should experience if my cat Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy were to die; but when I think of opera as it is now, and compare it with opera as it used to be, no amount of argument from an "economist" will persuade me that he had nothing to do with the improvement. Of course he had no artistic enthusiasms: I at least never thought

that the part-author of the Drury Lane melodramas had; of course he never considered the morality of the sentiments he appealed to; of course he never encouraged the production of any great work of art, new or old, for its own sake. What theatrical or operatic entrepreneur ever did, ever does, any of these things? Would Mr. Mapleson do so if he had Covent Garden and money enough to run it at his disposal? would he not put on "Rigoletto" and "Faust" as principal night pieces, with "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Martha" for the off nights? would he give us anything more advanced than "Lohengrin"? And as for the morality of the sentiments appealed to, to mention that is to give a weapon into the hands of every one who is opposed to the most modern examples of stage-art, is to invite a foolish censor to suppress both "Ghosts" and "The Valkyrie." Besides, does any manager ever consider such matters? Sir Augustus Harris did his best according to his lights and was quite as useful a man as any prime minister I have ever heard of; and it is unjust, ungenerous, as well as entirely foolish, to withhold from him the praise one would unhesitatingly bestow on a prime minister, who, after all, is merely a skilful or lucky player in the idle game of politics.

He would have deserved our gratitude had he done nothing more than enable us to see and hear the Tristan of Jean de Reszke. That it was a superb piece of vocal work I said last week; I said also that histrionically it had nobility, charm, and a certain amount of expressiveness. Nevertheless it might have been more expressive if only the gestures had been more natural, inevitable—if only, that is to say, they had been the result of as splendid art and as deep purpose as his singing. Excepting Maurel, Bispham is the only operatic singer whose gestures have absolute freedom, are absolutely justified by the emotion of the moment, and are not a series of mechanical motions which are gone through in every part he plays. Jean de Reszke's motions are not the same in every part he plays; but they are nearly the same. Why should his left hand everlastingly be groping in the region of his heart? Why should his right arm always be elevated as though he were levelling a revolver at the occupants of the gallery? These are the little things which prevent his Tristan; enormously fine though it is, striking one as a complete piece of individual characterization, a complete character having nothing in common with any other character he plays. There are two other small points to which his attention should be called. When Isolde sends Brangaena to him he stands as calm and indifferent as though he had merely sent her for a seidlitz powder and she were bringing it to him; and later, again, when Kurvenal breaks out into his scoffing song it loses much of its point and effectiveness through Tristan not endeavouring to restrain him. With the exception of these things, however, there is not a fault to point to. The delirious stupor into which the potion plunges him is admirably done; and one has only to think of the mere style of the singing of the third act compared with that of the second to realize how wonderfully he has entered into Wagner's conception. As for Miss Meisslinger, her Brangaena was much too regal and haughty; and besides, the shattering shrillness of her voice totally effaced the impression Wagner intended the character to make. I cannot remember who the Melot was; but it is sufficient to say that it nearly made one laugh to think of him as the whilom bosom friend of Tristan, and now his betrayer and King Mark's chief adviser. Even Edouard de Reszke did not sing Mark as he should: there was no sorrow in his tones, and his phrasing was characterized rather by excess of vehemence than by the delicacy and tenderness his great song demands. But all these points count for little. Jean de Reszke has the stage to himself most of the evening and his work redeems every other fault. And not being an economist, I fail to see who but Sir Augustus Harris enabled us to hear this, the finest interpretation of recent times; I know of no one else who could have done it; I know of no one who ever proposed to do it. Sir Augustus Harris had no artistic impulses; but he produced "Tristan" with Jean de Reszke in it: that might be his epitaph.

J. F. R.

"THE SPACIOUS TIMES."

"Doctor Faustus." By Christopher Marlowe. Acted by members of the Shakespeare Reading Society at St. George's Hall, on a stage after the model of the Fortune Playhouse, 2 July, 1896.

"The Mummy." A new and original farce in three acts. By George D. Day and Allan Reed. Comedy Theatre, 2 July, 1896.

Scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Fedora," and "The Country Girl." By Miss Elizabeth Tyree. Comedy Theatre, 3 July, 1896.

"Behind the Scenes." A farcical comedy, adapted from "The First Night." By Felix Morris and George P. Hawtrey. Comedy Theatre, 4 July, 1896.

MR. WILLIAM POEL, in drawing up an announcement of the last exploit of the Elizabethan Stage Society, had no difficulty in citing a number of eminent authorities as to the superlative merits of Christopher Marlowe. The dotage of Charles Lamb on the subject of the Elizabethan dramatists has found many imitators, notably Mr. Swinburne, who expresses in verse what he finds in books as passionately as a poet expresses what he finds in life. Among them, it appears, is a Mr. G. B. Shaw, in quoting whom Mr. Poel was supposed by many persons to be quoting me. But though I share the gentleman's initials, I do not share his views. He can admire a fool: I cannot, even when his folly not only expresses itself in blank verse, but actually invents that art form for the purpose. I admit that Marlowe's blank verse has charm of colour and movement; and I know only too well how its romantic march caught the literary imagination and founded that barren and horrible worship of blank verse for its own sake which has since desolated and laid waste the dramatic poetry of England. But the fellow was a fool for all that. He often reminds me, in his abysmally inferior way, of Rossini. Rossini had just the same trick of beginning with a magnificently impressive exordium, apparently pregnant with the most tragic developments, and presently lapsing into arrant triviality. But Rossini lapses amusingly; writes "Excusez du peu" at the double bar which separates the sublime from the ridiculous; and is gay, tuneful and clever in his frivolity. Marlowe, the moment the exhaustion of the imaginative fit deprives him of the power of raving, becomes childish in thought, vulgar and wooden in humour, and stupid in his attempts at invention. He is the true Elizabethan blank-verse beast, itching to frighten other people with the superstitious terrors and cruelties in which he does not himself believe, and wallowing in blood, violence, muscularity of expression and strenuous animal passion as only literary men do when they become thoroughly depraved by solitary work, sedentary cowardice, and starvation of the sympathetic centres. It is not surprising to learn that Marlowe was stabbed in a tavern brawl: what would be utterly unbelievable would be his having succeeded in stabbing any one else. On paper the whole obscene crew of these blank-verse rhetoricians could outdare Lucifer himself: Nature can produce no murderer cruel enough for Webster, nor any hero bully enough for Chapman, devout disciples, both of them, of Kit Marlowe. But you do not believe in their martial ardour as you believe in the valour of Sidney or Cervantes. One calls the Elizabethan dramatists imaginative, as one might say the same of a man in delirium tremens; but even that flatters them; for whereas the drinker can imagine rats and snakes and beetles which have some sort of resemblance to real ones, your typical Elizabethan heroes of the mighty line, having neither the eyes to see anything real nor the brains to observe it, could no more conceive a natural or convincing stage figure than a blind man can conceive a rainbow or a deaf one the sound of an orchestra. Such success as they have had is the success which any fluent braggart and liar may secure in a pothouse. Their swagger and fustian, and their scraps of Cicero and Aristotle, passed for poetry and learning in their own day because their public was Philistine and ignorant. To-day, without having by any means lost this advantage, they enjoy in addition the quaintness of their obsolescence, and, above all, the splendour of the light reflected on them from

the reputation of Shakespeare. Without that light they would now be as invisible as they are insufferable. In condemning them indiscriminately, I am only doing what Time would have done if Shakespeare had not rescued them. I am quite aware that they did not get their reputations for nothing; that there were degrees of badness among them; that Greene was really amusing, Marston spirited and silly-clever, Cyril Tourneur able to string together lines of which any couple picked out and quoted separately might pass as a fragment of a real organic poem, and so on. Even the brutish pedant Jonson was not heartless, and could turn out prettily affectionate verses and foolishly affectionate criticisms; whilst the plausible firm of Beaumont and Fletcher, humbugs as they were, could produce plays which were, all things considered, not worse than "The Lady of Lyons." But these distinctions are not worth making now. There is much variety in a dust-heap, even when the rag-picker is done with it; but we throw it indiscriminately into the "destructor" for all that. There is only one use left for the Elizabethan dramatists, and that is the purification of Shakespeare's reputation from its spurious elements. Just as you can cure people of talking patronizingly about "Mozartian melody" by showing them that the tunes they imagine to be his distinctive characteristic were the commonplaces of his time, so it is possible, perhaps, to cure people of admiring, as distinctively characteristic of Shakespeare, the false, forced rhetoric, the callous sensation-mongering in murder and lust, the ghosts and combats, and the venal expenditure of all the treasures of his genius on the bedizenment of plays which are, as wholes, stupid toys. When Sir Henry Irving presently revives "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum, the numerous descendants of the learned Shakespearean enthusiasts who went down on his knees and kissed the Ireland forgeries will see no difference between the great dramatist who changed Imogen from a mere name in a story to a living woman, and the manager-showman who exhibited her with the gory trunk of a newly beheaded man in her arms. But why should we, the heirs of so many greater ages, with the dramatic poems of Goethe and Ibsen in our hands, and the music of a great dynasty of musicians, from Bach to Wagner, in our ears—why should we waste our time on the rank and file of the Elizabethans, or encourage foolish modern persons to imitate them, or talk about Shakespeare as if his moral platitudes, his jingo claptags, his tavern pleasantries, his bombast and drive!, and his incapacity for following up the scraps of philosophy he stole so aptly, were as admirable as the mastery of poetic speech, the feeling for nature, and the knack of character-drawing, fun, and heart wisdom which he was ready, like a true son of the theatre, to prostitute to any subject, any occasion, and any theatrical employment? The fact is, we are growing out of Shakespeare. Byron declined to put up with his reputation at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and now, at the beginning of the twentieth, he is nothing but a household pet. His characters still live; his word pictures of woodland and wayside still give us a Bank-holiday breath of country air; his verse still charms us; his sublimities still stir us; the commonplaces and trumperies of the wisdom which age and experience bring to all of us are still expressed by him better than by anybody else; but we have nothing to hope from him and nothing to learn from him—not even how to write plays, though he does that so much better than most modern dramatists. And if this is true of Shakespeare, what is to be said of Kit Marlowe?

Kit Marlowe, however, did not bore me at St. George's Hall as he has always bored me when I have tried to read him without skipping. The more I see of these performances by the Elizabethan Stage Society, the more I am convinced that their method of presenting an Elizabethan play is not only the right method for that particular sort of play, but that any play performed on a platform amidst the audience gets closer home to its hearers than when it is presented as a picture framed by a proscenium. Also, that we are less conscious of the artificiality of the stage when a few well-understood conventions, adroitly handled, are substituted for attempts at an impossible scenic verisimilitude. All the old-fashioned tale-of-adventure plays, with their fre-

quent changes of scene, and all the new problem plays, with their intense intimacies, should be done in this way.

The E. S. S. made very free with "Doctor Faustus." Their devils, Baliol and Belcher to wit, were not theatrical devils with huge pasteboard heads, but pictorial Temptation-of-St.-Anthony devils such as Martin Schongauer drew. The angels were Florentine fifteenth-century angels, with their draperies sewn into Botticellian folds and tucks. The Emperor's bodyguard had Maximilianesque uniforms copied from Holbein. Mephistophilis made his first appearance as Mr. Joseph Pennell's favourite devil from the roof of Notre Dame, and, when commanded to appear as a Franciscan friar, still proclaimed his modernity by wearing an electric bulb in his cowl. The Seven Deadly Sins were *tout ce qu'il y a de plus fin de siècle*, the five worst of them being so attractive that they got rounds of applause on the strength of their appearance alone. In short, Mr. William Poel gave us an artistic rather than a literal presentation of Elizabethan conditions, the result being, as always happens in such cases, that the picture of the past was really a picture of the future. For which result he is, in my judgment, to be highly praised. The performance was a wonder of artistic discipline in this lawless age. It is true, since the performers were only three or four instead of fifty times as skilful as ordinary professional actors, that Mr. Poel has had to give up all impetuosity and spontaneity of execution, and to have the work done very slowly and carefully. But it is to be noted that even Marlowe, treated in this thorough way, is not tedious; whereas Shakespeare, rattled and rushed and spouted and clattered through in the ordinary professional manner, all but kills the audience with tedium. For instance, Mephistophilis was as joyless and leaden as a devil need be—it was clear that no stage-manager had ever exhorted him, like a lagging horse, to get the long speeches over as fast as possible, old chap—and yet he never for a moment bored us as Prince Hal and Poins bore us at the Haymarket. The actor who hurries reminds the spectators of the flight of time, which it is his business to make them forget. Twenty years ago the symphonies of Beethoven used to be rushed through in London with the sole object of shortening the agony of the audience. They were then highly unpopular. When Richter arrived he took the opposite point of view, playing them so as to prolong the delight of the audience; and Mottl dwells more lovingly on Wagner than Richter does on Beethoven. The result is that Beethoven and Wagner are now popular. Mr. Poel has proved that the same result will be attained as soon as blank-verse plays are produced under the control of managers who like them, instead of openly and shamelessly treating them as inflections to be curtailed to the utmost. The representation at St. George's Hall went without a hitch from beginning to end, a miracle of diligent preparedness. Mr. Mannerling, as Faustus, had the longest and the hardest task; and he performed it conscientiously, punctually, and well. The others did no less with what they had to do. The relief of seeing actors come on the stage with the simplicity and abnegation of children, instead of bounding on to an enthusiastic reception with the "Here I am again" expression of the popular favourites of the ordinary stage, is hardly to be described. Our professional actors are now looked at by the public from behind the scenes; and they accept that situation and glory in it for the sake of the "personal popularity" it involves. What a gigantic reform Mr. Poel will make if his Elizabethan Stage should lead to such a novelty as a theatre to which people go to see the play instead of to see the cast!

There has been a plague of matinées lately; but the matinée is the opportunity of the incompetent casual acting-manager; and the incompetent casual acting-manager's opportunity often proves the holiday of the eminent dramatic critic, whose invitation, being the main thing that the casual one is engaged to look after, is generally forgotten. Nevertheless, I was captured no less than thrice last week. "The Mummy" is ingenious enough to have a narrow miss of being a successful play; but unfortunately in these matters a miss is as good as a mile. What is wrong with it is the perfunctory flimsiness of the figures who surround

the mummy. It is not enough to provide a squad of rag dolls for your mummy to confuse himself in: they must be real people in whom we can feel some interest, and who can make us believe that an ancient Egyptian is actually walking about in a modern household. The play only lives whilst Mr. Brough, whose trained physical self-command and professional skill were never more useful, is on the stage. Our younger generation of stage bunglers, who take such prodigious trouble to prevent perfectly simple effects from making themselves, doubtless often ask themselves why the public can be so unjust and foolish as to laugh at an actor who can apparently do nothing but stare helplessly at his own success. The reason is, of course, that Mr. Lionel Brough never stands between the public and Mr. Lionel Brough's part. This seems simple; but just try to do it, and you will appreciate the training that it costs to make a capable actor.

Miss Elizabeth Tyree, late of Mr. Daniel Frohman's company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, invited London to see what she could do as Juliet, Fedora, and the Country Girl. Like most American executive artists, musical and dramatic, Miss Tyree showed signs of having attempted to qualify herself by some systematic physical training for her profession. But she does not appreciate the degree of beauty of execution and distinction of style that are required by such parts as Juliet and Fedora. She played Juliet, amusingly enough, to Mr. Will Dennis's Romeo, exactly as Miss Maude Millett plays the comic relief young lady in a modern comedy to Mr. Sidney Brough's comic relief young gentleman. The performance proved, not that Miss Tyree can play Juliet, but that the balcony scene makes a capital one-act comedietta. Her Fedora was out of the question: it was as remote from the effect planned by Sardou as Brixton is from St. Petersburg. The Country Girl was adequate; but then we have a dozen young ladies on our own stage who could do it as well if any one wanted them to. Frankly, since Miss Tyree must be understood as asking whether she has the power that crosses frontiers, I must reply, Not yet. The work she can do so far can be done in any country without sending to America for assistance. And the sort of character for which she seems best fitted by her temperament is precisely that in which English actresses excel. If Miss Elizabeth Robins or Miss Olga Brandon were to return to their native shores, it would not be easy to name their successors in their best parts, not only because of their professional skill, but because their temperaments are of a kind that England does not produce very freely. We can and do produce Miss Tyree's temperament by the dozen.

I congratulate Mr. Felix Morris on the success with which, returning to this country after a long absence, he has persuaded us to revive two hopelessly obsolete plays for his sake. "On Change" was pardonable; but a new version of "The First Night" is really too much; Achille Dufard is as dead as Alfred Wigan. There are, however, three scenes in the new version which should be rescued from Dufard's grave. The outfaced dunning grocer, with his "Arf a mo: give a man a chance," is very funny; and the rehearsal, with the leading lady on the rampage, as well as the scene at the end of the first act, should certainly be seen again, if only to let London enjoy a most amusing and spontaneous piece of acting by Miss Alma Stanley. Shade of Lady Dedlock, who would have supposed that she could have done this excellent thing! Mr. Ernest Cosham was capital as the grocer. The piece was, indeed, exceptionally well played on all hands; but Mr. Felix Morris and Miss Sarah Brooke, though they did all that was possible, could not justify the survival of their part of the business. Mr. Morris's French accent, by the way, was a triumph of accurate aural observation.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THROUGHOUT the week money was abundant at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for day-to-day loans and for short fixtures. The repayment of the sums borrowed from the Bank last week helped to keep money cheap. The Discount Market was steady, and there was a considerable

amount of business done. The rates varied between $\frac{1}{16}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$ for three and four months' Bank bills, and between $\frac{1}{16}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$ for six months. The Bank rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent. The hot weather and the absence of members at Henley Regatta combined to make business very restricted on the Stock Exchange. The general tone was dull. Home Government stocks were steady, after a slight fall at the beginning of the week. Consols stood at about $113\frac{1}{8}$ for money, and $113\frac{1}{8}$ for the account. Home Corporations showed strength. On Tuesday there was a fall of 5 in Bank of Ireland stock, perhaps partly due to the difficulties that have arisen with regard to the Improvements Clause of the Irish Land Bill.

Home Railways were dull and depressed by the news of a possible coal strike: the "heavy" lines, which carry on a large coal traffic, were, of course, especially affected. But the favourable traffic receipts and Board of Trade returns for June prevented anything like a heavy fall. American Railways showed some firmness, and prices were generally above last Saturday's, owing to the belief that the "Sound-money" platform will triumph in the end, whatever may be the result of the "Silver-men's" intrigues at Chicago. But the market was almost neglected. Canadian Pacific shares stood, without much fluctuation, at about 63; whilst Grand Trunk stocks were inclined to be better. Argentine Railways were strong at advancing prices.

There was little or no business done in the Foreign Market. Spanish Four per Cents were weak at about 64, whilst Italian Rentes dropped slightly and were quoted about 87 $\frac{1}{2}$. Turkish Stocks and Ottoman Bank shares were both at higher prices. South American securities moved irregularly. A new Chilean Five per Cent. loan of £4,000,000 was announced on Monday by Messrs. Rothschild. The price at which the bonds were offered was as low as 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, and even at that price they are at quite a small premium. The fact is, as we have before now observed, that the Chilean Government cannot inspire confidence in the public so long as it spends large sums of money in armaments.

The South African Market tended to be dull, with a slight fall in prices. There were very few dealings. The general flatness was increased by a new issue of £1,250,000 of Chartered Company's Five per Cent. Debentures at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, which was taken by a Syndicate in the market. It was regarded as an unfavourable fact that the Company should have issued debentures and not shares; but the Syndicate believe they can dispose of the loan to the public at 100. Few transactions were negotiated in the General Mining Market. Indian shares were lower on the whole. New Zealand Mines were dull, with a weak tendency. Copper shares were almost stationary. Western Australian issues fluctuated irregularly, but with no changes of importance. Silver was rather higher at about 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, but American selling tended to weaken the market. Rupee-paper remained at about 64 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The extraordinary increase in promoting activity may be instanced by the fact that during the first half of this year there have been companies registered to the extent of £136,861,194, against £81,646,921 in the first six months of 1895. Of this enormous sum the cycling industry is responsible for no less than £14,051,374, whereas last year during the same period the aggregate capitals of cycle companies did not amount to half a million. In the mining world there has been an increase of about sixteen millions, in breweries over four millions, and railways and electric ventures show respectively capitalization of £3,463,000 and £6,703,200, against £714,000 and £800,500.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

WHITE, TOMKINS, & COURAGE, LIMITED.

This Company is formed with a capital of £360,000 to acquire and carry on the Flaked Malting businesses of T. H. White & Co. and of Messrs. Tomkins, Courage, & Cracknall. The share capital is divided into 18,000 £5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each (with priority as regards repayment of

capital), and 18,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, 6,000 of each being reserved for part payment of purchase money.

The London Trust Company, Limited, now offer 12,000 Preference shares at £11 for subscription, and 12,000 Ordinary shares at par. The prospectus points out the advantages of an amalgamation of the businesses, and gives the result of the examination of the books of the two firms by Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols, & Co. This report is most unsatisfactory, the combined profits on the year ending 31 January, 1896, being only £20,622, as against £42,008 of the preceding year. There is a lame attempt to explain this away by saying that the diminution of profits is "chiefly to be accounted for by the keenness of competition between the two businesses now to be amalgamated." But as these firms are not the only two carrying on the business of flaked malting in England, it seems to us that there are many other keen competitors who will not allow an increase in prices. We are, therefore, of opinion that the promoters are not justified in taking the average profits of the last three years as their basis, and we cannot recommend the investment.

MAORI DREAM GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed with a capital of £130,000 in £1 shares, 70,000 of which are now issued at par, to acquire and work a property of some forty-five acres in the Tairua district of the Thames Peninsula, in New Zealand. The prospectus contains the usual extracts from reports which, as we pointed out last week, have little or no value. It is stated that the Earl of Kilmorey and Colonel Brooke, directors of the Anglo-French Gold Fields of Australasia, Limited, and Mr. W. E. C. Alexander and Mr. H. C. Parkes, all of whom are directors of the Company, are interested in the purchase price, the vendors being Howard Childs Parkes and the Anglo-French Gold Fields of Australia, Limited. We quite understand this, but we fail to see that this fact is in any way an incentive to investment, or a guarantee that the price demanded is a fair one. The prospectus does not commend itself to us in any way, especially as there is a waiver clause which, in our opinion, is totally unnecessary in a promotion of this kind.

THE NORMAN PROPRIETARY GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

The property to be acquired by this Company consists of three special mining leases in the Waitetauri district. The capital is £75,000 in £1 shares, 50,000 of which are now offered for subscription. The prospectus is full of puffing reports, one of which is an extract from a private letter, and another from W. Hutchison, Esq., the Mining Engineer of the New Zealand Crown Mines, who states that he "was speaking to one or two friends who know the mine well and think a lot of it." We fear that those who are foolish enough to put money in this venture will not agree with Mr. Hutchison's friends a year hence.

THE IVANHOE CONSOLS PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Captain Oats, who has reported on the properties to be acquired by this Company, differs from ourselves in that he "can strongly recommend them to the investing public as a perfectly sound speculation." Speculation we admit, but we want more evidence than we find in the prospectus before we can accept the "perfectly sound." It is a great mistake to try to prove too much, and we would have liked the prospectus much more if it had consisted solely of a plain statement of the nature and area of the properties, and if it had shown some adequate reason why the public should take up the 82,000 £1 shares which constitute the present issue from the capital of £125,000. The Hannan's district in Kalgoolie, where the properties are situated, is a good one, and an abundance of water and timber is reported by the optimistic Captain Oats and a Mr. Stapleton. This is an important point, and helps us towards the supposition that the concern might possibly be a fair speculation; but we confess that we are not impressed by it, in spite of the Manager's report that a good lode has been struck, 28 feet in width, lease 1314, showing visible gold.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE SEAL BUTCHERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HENDON, July, 1896.

SIR,—The question of the seal fisheries is an old one, and one which seems not unlikely to settle itself eventually by the extinction of the species. The horrors of the trade are shown in the following extract from an article in the "Century Magazine," by C. E. Borchgrevink:—

"The seals are killed either with guns or pikes. There is very little sport attached to seal-hunting, especially in Antarctic waters, as the seals there are tame through ignorance of man's bloodthirstiness. Generally they were asleep when we approached, and many of them died without seeing their murderers. But, as a rule, the slaughter and skinning of the seal were most barbarous, bloody, and hideous—unnecessarily so. Specially cruel is the task when seal-pikes are used. Only rarely does a seal die from one or two blows of the pike, and if it is not dead it is generally considered 'all the better,' for it is easier to skin a seal while it is half alive. In the utmost agony, the wretched 'beast' draws its muscles away from the sharp steel which tears away its skin, and thus assists in parting with its own coat."

Is not this sufficiently horrible for anything? There are practical remedies, which I think might be soon applied, if people would sufficiently emphasize and impress the terrible truth that seal-fishing as it is now carried out is wholly unnecessary. Now I have little hope that seal-skin wearing will soon be discarded, however strenuously the really humane public may protest. We see every day that the craze of feather-wearing is as shame-faced as ever, despite all that has been said and written against it for years. So devout are the worshippers at the shrine of the Goddess of Fashion that, heedless of the blood and hideous barbarity which frequently has to be waded through by the men and women who are in her merciless meshes, they needs must ever deck themselves as she decrees, savage and brutal as that decree may be. But the Powers at least might combine to give the seals protection from wantonness in their slaughter, in that the fishermen who go out to the "rookeries" should be specially instructed to deal with the creatures considerately and with some appreciable degree of humanity. Government inspection would, I think, be able to secure this.

That the seals are also threatened with total extermination is a further reason for some enactment of protection. The result of the Behring Sea arbitration and of the treaty made between this country and America, which we trusted might result in the affording of some sort of protection to the seals, has been a great disappointment. President Cleveland in his late Message refers to the subject, admitting that the hoped-for benefit to the seals had not been attained. In some quarters I see no prospect is recognized of any better protection for the unfortunate creatures. A new commission, to consist of representatives from Japan, Russia, the United States, and Great Britain, is now proposed, to consider the seal question with a view to preventing the threatened utter extinction of the species, though solely from commercial reasons. But it is just the matter of commerce that inspires hope. An extension of the close season, beginning by including May, and embracing August and if possible September, would secure the protection of the mother seals until the offspring were able to care for themselves. This does not appear to be impracticable; yet we have been told that everything practicable has been tried. Another regulation which would be found to work with considerable advantage to the seals would be the prohibition of the spear as an instrument of killing, and the substitution of the gun in its stead. At present the shooting of the seals is prohibited. "Almost all the seals killed in the Behring Sea," says a recent writer, "are females seeking food while their young are left on the islands, and they are taken when asleep in the water. The requirement that they shall be killed with spears and not guns permits the destruction to go on so quietly that the animals near those killed are not disturbed; whereas it is urged that if guns were used the

report would awaken them and many more would escape than under the present system." It is, therefore, desired to secure a reversal of the regulation made by the Paris tribunal, which all along has worked in the opposite direction from the one intended. The reversal would permit the use of guns and prohibit any great use of spears, if any. These proposed regulations constitute a practical remedy which might soon be in operation if the nations concerned could agree.—Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

"THE BRITISH AND ROMAN EMPIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 7 July, 1896.

SIR,—May I trespass on your space for a few remarks on the interesting article by Mr. J. B. Bury, "The British and Roman Empire," in your issue of 27 June, which I have just read? It seems to me that he has omitted the by far most important point, which is irrevocably destructive of any possibility of establishing a parallel between the two empires—and that is the fact that their principles of action were not only far and away from parallel, but diametrically opposed. Rome always sought to devastate and destroy, England, on the contrary, to develop, the resources of the territories severally occupied. Rapine was, in fact, the aim and end of Rome. It may be argued that the policy of both empires was, and is, aggressive. True, but the results are fundamentally different. England's policy has always been to advance and promote civilization, and Rome's to retard it. The truth is, Imperial Rome was little else than a splendid and well-organized gang of bandits, with a taste for the magnificent, without any of the refinement which might be supposed would accompany it. I quite agree with Mr. Bury as to the want of brain power—in this respect the Romans were signally inferior to all the great countries that preceded them—at the same time no one can forget the high moral qualities displayed in the best days of the Republic, their courage, patriotism, social virtues, and their keen sense of honour. In this last quality I fear the present generation would not compare with advantage: these high qualities disappeared in Imperial Rome. If a parallel, or an approach to it, could be found, I would suggest Carthage, commerce, and eminently colonization, having been the speciality of the people, together with their pre-eminence as a maritime Power, till this was destroyed by Rome, and as a consequence Carthage fell. Let us hope that the comparison with England will stop at maritime pre-eminence.—Yours faithfully,

GREATER-ENGLANDER.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

KNAPP, BIDEFORD, 1 June, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to a paragraph in your issue a few weeks ago on the subject of Sir Edward Grey, I beg to inform you that—

1. He was at Oxford, not Cambridge.
2. He was certainly not a noted athlete, having only run one race in his life, and that for a sporting bet.
3. He rarely played racquets at Winchester, and was not good at the game.
4. He is a very skilful dry-fly fisherman, but has done very little salmon fishing.

His strongest points as regards games is tennis, at which he is amateur champion. (N.B.—No mention is made of this.) I do not suppose he has played golf a dozen times in his life, certainly never seriously.

The paragraph in question is not worthy of much notice, but as a friend of Sir E. Grey I prefer that it should make some attempts at being accurate.—Yours faithfully,

ST. CLAIR R. M. STOBART.

[There is nothing that calls for remark in this letter, except Mr. Stobart's statement that Sir Edward Grey "has done very little salmon fishing." Our correspondent does not seem to be aware that Sir E. Grey, when a member of the late Government, was actually taken up for poaching in a Devonshire trout-stream.—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

BEYOND CRITICISM.

"Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City." By S. R. Crockett.
London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1896.

THE extensive sale of the works of Messrs. Crockett and Ian Maclaren is one of the simplest things in the world to explain. So far, however, the present reviewer has never come upon the correct explanation, and he gives it here without any pride, expressing indeed a certain surprise at the lateness of his discovery. It is Sunday afternoon does it, Sunday afternoon in the serious household. Time was when the serious household permitted nothing to be read on that day but sermons and the verse of Mrs. Hannah More; and the sermons were read for the most part clairvoyantly, eyes closed and the book on the diaphragm or thereabouts. In those days the young people, chiefly in couples, got as far away as possible from the old, and being forbidden games or exercises of any overt kind, passed their time, it is believed, in reciting original verse to one another—a practice leading in many cases to early and happy marriages.

But the world moves, and the reading habit slowly permeated every class. The surreptitious perusal of works of fiction on the Sabbath became a problem of the gravest importance in the serious household. The elders raved at "idle novels" and "trashy reading," but the irresistible nature of the invasion was speedily manifest. Nevertheless, the serious people contrived to make terms, and just as quite godly little boys are nowadays allowed to build churches on Sunday with their toy bricks, so for the adolescent and adult the compromise of the Sunday magazine and the novel about ministers was arranged. In the earlier days of the Sabbath-novel it was violently sectarian; witness "Father Clement," the work of Charles Kingsley, and to a lesser degree the earlier George MacDonald. But in these days of liberalism in thought, unsectarian teaching and a vague full-bodied piety is considered sufficient. This kind of thing: "But the Pleasance doctor, a little fair man, and the minister of McGill-Gillespie, a tall dark man, remained with the small-pox. Also God was there—not very evidently or obtrusively, perhaps; but so that the minister of McGill-Gillespie knew where to find Him when He was wanted." That is wonderfully typical. In addition, it is stipulated that the author must be a man of unblemished reputation and preferably a minister of religion.

The dissemination of this compromise has made a distinct and peculiar book market. The public in that market reads scarcely anything during the week, except perhaps a newspaper, and on Sundays it reads only in the afternoon, the morning and evening being devoted to the essentials of religion. It knows of Thackeray, Hardy and Meredith as it knows of Shakspeare, by hearsay, as authors clever but essentially worldly. Dickens, perhaps, it knows better, protesting a little at the caricature flavour of Chadband, and weeping sympathetically over Little Nell. It regards Miss Braddon and "Ouida" as "trashy"—sensational; which qualities it is also strongly disposed to impute to Stevenson. Mrs. Henry Wood, with her previsions and her angel-dreaming children, has a place in that literature as a really great writer; but the highest honours of it are to the ministers, Archdeacon Farrar and Messrs. Maclaren and Crockett, and to Mr. Hall Caine. And for the best of reasons: their pages are peppered with the name of the Deity, and they display an almost archangelic familiarity with the working of His mind. It is by no means a remarkable coincidence that each of these four writers has either written a "Life of Christ," or is stated to have one in hand.

Now it is evident that the standards of criticism that apply to mere students of life like Meredith and Hardy, mere humourists like Street and Kenneth Graham, or mere students of picturesque or sensational effect like Kipling, Crackanthorpe, the Stevenson of the romances, Morley Roberts or Marriott Watson, would be unsuitable in this case. It is not required of Mr. Crockett that he should be either true, humorous, or effective. It is simply stipulated that he should be fit to read on a

Sunday afternoon. He may steal his jokes without reproach: in this book Mr. Crockett makes the best part of a chapter out of Wilde's "Don't mention it, Miss Briggs." Certain things these people want, under the sanction of the Deity's name—novelette love-making for the most part, kissing, a bit of murder, and a braying jest now and then—and these they get. The desire for these things shows a pathetic revolt of humanity against seriousness that Heine would have enlarged upon. A few extracts from the stuff they read, under God, on Sunday afternoons in the serious household will form the best possible proof of our hypothesis. Here is the screaming jest of the Leg of Mutton. Conceive the human being who could laugh at it if you can:—

"Tam Luke, the baker's boy, had come along. And in pursuit of the eternal feud between butchers' boys and bakers' boys, he had overturned the basket and rolled the meat on the road. . . .

"When half way across the field the butcher's boy observed the insult to his basket. Yet he said nothing till he came quite near. Then, in the most friendly manner possible, he seized the defiled leg of mutton, destined for the dinner of an eminent Doctor in Divinity, and hit Tam Luke a swingeing blow over the head with it, which not only broke that youth's pipe, but for a season spoiled the shape of his mouth, and tumbled him incontinently over the fence.

"The baker's boy rose, shedding freely bits of clay pipe and exceedingly evil words. A battle royal seemed imminent to any one who did not know the common-places of friendly intercourse among these worthies. But the baker's boy contented himself with stating over and over in varied and ornamental language, highly metaphorical in parts, what he would do to the butcher's boy if he hit him again. However, the butcher's boy had too great an advantage in handling Professor Hinderland's leg of mutton, and the tempest gradually blew itself out."

It is curious how humorous the serious class of people find any allusion to violent blows, obscene language, or the more indelicate parts of the human anatomy, a kind of guilty exultation over themselves, one suspects. For instance:—

"The next time he saw him come home drunk he clouted him with a paving-stone from behind the yard wall. . . .

"During this interval Tim Kelly expressed his opinions upon things in general. The details are quite unfit for publication."

"A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that was the course described by the pound weight on which Cleg Kelly dropped his hand. It sped fair and level from his fingers, flung low as many a time he had skimmed stones on Saint Margaret's Loch in the hollow under the Craggs.

"'Ouch,' said suddenly Mistress Roy, taken, as she herself said, 'in the short of the wind.' The hearth-brush with which she had been wont to correct her former message-boys fell helplessly on the ground. . . .

"Then Cleg's language became as bad as that of an angry Sunday School superintendent. The wise men say that the Scots dialect is only Early English. Cleg's was of that kind, but much debased by an admixture of Later Decorated. . . .

" . . . and as soon as Cleg set foot within the square, he saluted him with a rotten egg, carefully selected and laid aside for such an emergency. . . .

"Before he was fairly down the steps, he yelled three times as loud as he could, and turned Catherine-wheel after Catherine-wheel, till at the last turn he came down with his bare feet in the waist-belt of a policeman. The good-natured officer solemnly smacked the convenient end of Cleg with a vast *plantigrade palm*, and restored him to the stature and progression of ordinary humanity, with a reminder to behave, and to mind where he was coming if he did not want to get run in. . . .

"There was, indeed, in times prehistoric, a certain literary man whose wife averred that her husband's toilet consisted ordinarily of 'four paper knives, four smuts, and no pocket-handkerchief.' But this person has not usually been held up in Sunday Schools as a shining example. In fact, quite the contrary. . . .

"But Big Smith stood on the steps, still holding Tam Luke, and with a foot like a Sutton's furniture van he

tripped up each one impartially as he passed, till quite a little haycock of Knuckle-Dusters was formed at an angle of the stair.

"Then Big Smith, in a singularly able-bodied way, argued with the heap in general for the good of their souls; and the noise of the oak stick brought out all the neighbours to look on with voluble approbation."

"So Muckle Alick juist arched a back that was near as braid as the front of the engine itsel', and he gied a kind o' jump to the side. The far buffer o' the engine took him in the broad of his hinderlands, and whameled him and the bairns in a heap ower on the grass on the far bank. . . . But what was oor astonishment to see him rise up wi' the bairns baith in his ae arm, and gie his back a bit dust wi' the back o' the ither as if he had been dustin' flour off it."

"Cleg Kelly's hand dropped upon a stone. The stone whizzed through the air and took effect on the third button of the man of straw's new waistcoat.

"The laugh ended in a gasp. The gasp was succeeded by a bad word, and then the young man gave chase."

"I juist kenned it," said Mistress Frazer, drawing up wisdom from the mysterious wells of her experience; "muckle men and wee wives aye start aff wi' a lassie—contrarywise they begin wi' a laddie. Noo me and my man—"

"Our hero's cause was so bad, and his lapse into heathenism became at this point so pronounced, that for the sake of all that has been we decline to report the remainder of his speech."

"As she came with the poker stiffly uplifted against the evening sky, Mistress McWalter looked exceedingly martial. But, as Cleg afterwards expressed it, 'a woman shouldna try to fecht. She's far ower flappy about the legs wi' goons and petticoats.' Swift as a duck diving, Cleg fell flat before her, and Mistress McWalter suddenly spread all her length and breadth on the ground."

But this is as much of Cleg Kelly as any intelligent human will desire. This kind of thing chiefly, occasional jokes about and familiarities with the Deity, of which the one quotation already made must suffice, scraps stolen from here and there—Poe's dead body in the box, for example—make up this book. Criticism? One could as well criticize a marine store.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

"Shakspeare and his Predecessors." By F. S. Boas.
London: John Murray. 1896.

MR. BOAS, whose name we do not remember to have met before as a contributor to critical literature, is plainly an accomplished scholar, a cultured and intelligent critic, and an indefatigable student of that vast literature which has gathered round Shakspeare both in Germany and England. But unless we are much mistaken he has been very cruelly treated. He has been forced to attempt an impossibility, to compress within the compass of one monograph matter which should have occupied at least two. When we say that the history of the English drama from the Conquest to the appearance of Shakspeare—including an account of the lives and works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lyly, Kyd, and others—fills only 88 pages out of the 550 which make up the volume, it will easily be seen that the title "Shakspeare and his Predecessors" is simply a misnomer. The work would have been more properly described as a biographical and critical account of Shakspeare, with an introductory sketch of the origin and development of the English drama. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Boas that he has done his very best to satisfy the impossible conditions which have evidently been imposed on him, but in attempting to satisfy these conditions he has materially impaired the value of his work. He has given us at once too much and too little. He has entered into a detailed account of particular writers and of particular works, but he has not explained the evolution of the romantic drama. He has devoted whole pages to information which could be obtained from any biographical dictionary, but he has not defined and

summed up what tragedy, comedy, and tragi-comedy as perfected by Shakspeare owed respectively to Marlowe and Greene, to Lyly and Peele, to Kyd and to the authors of "Arden of Faversham" and of "A Warning for Fair Women." He has had to dwell on individuals, but to leave unmarked and uncharacterized whole schools of dramatists and whole species of drama. These are grave defects, but they are defects for which Mr. Boas is plainly not responsible, for they have arisen, as is abundantly clear, neither from ignorance nor from lack of insight and grasp.

There is much excellent criticism in the remarks made, cursory as they necessarily are, on the work of Shakspeare's chief predecessors, particularly on that of Marlowe and Greene. This, for instance, is very happily said: "When Marlowe's genius withers Greene's puts forth its finest flower; the difference is largely due to moral contrast." Again: "Marlowe is the rapturous lyrist of limitless desire, Shakspeare the majestic spokesman of inexorable moral law." But we cannot at all agree with Mr. Boas's praise of that wretched travesty of the Fourth Æneid, "Dido, Queen of Carthage," and to speak of "popular sympathies" with reference to Shakspeare, and to observe that with him "rank is never the measure of merit," is, to say the least, most misleading. Shakspeare is literally the most anti-democratic of all great poets, being in sentiment essentially autocratic; with regard, indeed, to rank, his note is always, to quote his own words, "Clay from clay differs in dignity whose dust is all alike."

If Mr. Boas's readers had had any choice in the matter, they would probably have wished that the proportion assigned respectively to Shakspeare and his Predecessors had been exactly reversed—that the expansion had been on the side of the Predecessors, and the retrenchment on the side of the great man. For the truth is that in dealing with Shakspeare the problem must always be at this time of day at least what *not* to say. To write his biography, when biographies, leaving nothing to be desired, exist in myriads, is a mere work of supererogation; and to epitomize the plots of plays which are in everybody's hands, and with which every intelligent person with a taste for literature is perfectly familiar, is surely equally superfluous. To point out the sources of his plots, to discuss the probable date of the appearance of a given play, or its bibliography, or its textual variants, or its characters, or its ethics, is simply to transcribe what may be found on almost every bookstall. Even the problem of the Sonnets, unsolved though it be, has been worn threadbare. It is the same with critical commentary. All that is best and soundest in it is now little more than mere commonplace. What can be added to the criticism of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, and the other English authorities; to that of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel, Gervinus, Ulrici, Elze, Kreyssig?—all of which, filtered and disseminated through handbooks, monographs, editions, and popular lectures, is now common property. But this cannot be said of the fathers of the romantic drama. A history of that drama between the appearance of "Ralph Roister Doister" and the death of Marlowe is still a desideratum. Much has, it is true, been written about Marlowe and Greene, but much remains to be corrected and much to be added; and what is true of them is true also of Lodge, of Peele, of Lyly, and pre-eminently of Kyd, and of the work of the school represented by the authors of "Arden of Faversham" and the "Warning for Fair Women," and of Robert Yarrington. This is what we wish Mr. Boas had given us, and this we are very sure he could, and probably would, have given us had he been free to choose.

But to turn from what might have been to what is. All that portion of Mr. Boas's book which is devoted to Shakspeare is one of the most creditable pieces of work which it has ever been our good fortune to meet with. He has plainly spared no pains to make his book as complete as possible. Much of it is necessarily mere compilation, but it is no ordinary compilation. It is no *réchauffé* of current handbooks, but the result of a patient and judicious collation of the best and most authoritative contribution to Shakspearian biography, bibliography, and criticism which have appeared both in Germany and England. Industry and judgment are

everywhere conspicuous. It stands, we may add, in shining and striking contrast to the slovenly and perfunctory work which it has recently been our duty to expose.

DR. GREGORY IN AFRICA.

"The Great Rift Valley: being the Narrative of a Journey to Mount Kenya and Lake Baringo; with some Account of the Geology, Natural History, Anthropology, and Future Prospects of British East Africa." By J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., of the British Museum (Natural History). London: John Murray. 1896.

RIGHT across the earth, from the Sea of Galilee, in the North, through the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, down the Red Sea, and along the great chain of African lakes to the southern end of Lake Nyassa, there stretches a huge rift or chasm, a geological feature unique upon this globe, and comparable only with some of the scars that seam the barren surface of the moon. The geological structure of a large part of this region is known; but in 1892 the region between Lake Rudolf and the Red Sea had not been visited by Europeans. In that year an expedition on a huge scale was organized by an English officer, whose name, following the generous reticence of Dr. Gregory, we shall not mention, with the aid of three well-known and enthusiastic English sportsmen—Sir Henry Tichborne, Mr. W. H. Harris, and Mr. J. Bennett-Stanford. To this expedition Dr. Gregory, a young and, apart from technical scientific work, unknown assistant at the British Museum, was attached as naturalist. The force consisted of eight Europeans, ten Turks as the crew of a Maxim gun, and three hundred natives. It was equipped in the most costly and complete fashion, and was intended to be led through the Masai territory to Lake Rudolf. Unfortunately the chief proved totally incapable of organization. He changed and chopped his plans, divided his forces, and after a month's confusion and disaster suddenly abandoned the whole business, leaving his supporters to lead the scattered fragments of the expedition as best they could back to the coast. And so after a few weeks of fruitless hardship Dr. Gregory found himself in Mombasa with nothing accomplished. It was then that the young Museum naturalist proved himself of the stuff of which men are made. He determined to lead an expedition on his own account. Bennett-Stanford and W. H. Harris, who had acted throughout up to the best traditions of English pluck, were unfortunately unable to accompany him, but placed at his disposal what remained of the abandoned stores of the first expedition; and a week or so later Dr. Gregory led out his caravan of forty-one souls, among which he alone was a European. This volume is an account of the magnificent journey he made and of the scientific results he obtained.

Viewed merely as an exploit in African travelling, the journey was a "record" performance. The expedition, going and returning, covered 1,650 miles in just under five months, the time including a considerable period spent in mapping and exploring the glaciers of Mount Kenya. The journey inland was performed under the great discomfort of incessant tropical rains; on the return journey an almost more trying drought was experienced, and as a great part of the country traversed crossed the war-paths of the Masai, the little party ran the greatest risks—risks that on the occasion of actual meetings with the El-Moran, or young warriors, were only prevented from becoming disasters by Dr. Gregory's positive genius for "bluffing" the natives. On one occasion "a band of insolent young warriors came crowding round us, and forbade my men erecting the tents. We had unwisely divided into two parties: Omari (Gregory's headman), the Askari, and eight porters were with the donkeys; while I had hastened on with the other men to get the camp into order before dark. So for a while I was bound to temporize." Dr. Gregory's most efficacious method of "temporizing" was personally to kick the most insolent of the warriors out of the camp; while his trembling porters expected that every moment would be their last. Next day, on pretext of friendship,

although they had omitted all the customary formalities of shaking hands and spitting that correspond to the Arabian offer of salt, the armed warriors performed a war-dance before the explorer's party, while he sat with his cocked revolver at the head of the elder who had offered himself as a hostage. At night the hostage sneaked out of the camp, and Dr. Gregory himself was just in time to arouse his men before an armed band broke in. It is the best possible testimony to Dr. Gregory's ability that actual combat was avoided all through the journey. The most dangerous part lay along the line of the proposed Uganda Railway; and in a later chapter the author, discussing the prospects of British East Africa, points out that it is the Masai raids, and not the Slavery question, that is the great trouble of the district. He hopes that the Masai, who have many splendid qualities, might be trained to serve as police; while, as regards slavery, he points out the differences which all competent observers have noticed between the slavery of the pamphleteers and the leisurely comfortable position of slaves who are fed and clothed, are allowed to acquire property and even slaves of their own, who cannot be bought and sold, and who work for themselves two days a week. With regard to the Zanzibari, who were the men of his expedition, Dr. Gregory's comments show that he had either very unusual luck or a capacity of managing men very unusual in African explorers. Most explorers have characterized them as worthless ruffians who must be scourged and driven. Dr. Gregory sums up as follows:—"I had been relentless, and insisted on the caravan going on and on, stopping neither for rain nor flooded rivers, hostile tribes nor fear of famine. The men occasionally had complained, and some of them would have been glad to do no more. So we had had our little quarrels; the men had grumbled and my temper had been none of the sweetest. But the memory of these occasional disagreements sank into insignificance, in comparison with the long record of ready obedience, willing self-sacrifice and personal devotion. Now that the last farewell had come, I realized that the impression stamped most deeply on my mind was not of peril or privation. Recollections of these had been blotted out by regard for the men who had braved danger and hardship, who had injured their health in long marches across the waterless wastes of the Nyika, and by exposure to the blizzards of the Kenyan snowfields, and who had worked all through from a simple instinct of duty, suffering for objects they could never understand."

The volume is divided into two sections; the first, to suit readers who care most for sport and adventure, being a description of the actual journeys; the second containing a general account of the scientific results of the expedition, details of which have been published in various technical journals. The most interesting results relate to the geology and physical geography of the district. It has long been thought that the interior of Africa was a monotonous expanse of archæan rock. Dr. Gregory shows that it differs in one most important respect from the familiar geology of Europe. Europe, we know, has repeatedly been raised and lowered, and its best known beds were formed at the bottom of the sea. Africa, apparently, has been above water from the remotest times, and so far it presents vast expanses of the most ancient rocks. On the other hand, it has been the seat of volcanic changes and earth movements of a vast description within the most recent times. Great rock scarps, a thousand to two thousand feet high, stand bare and precipitous as if they had been formed but yesterday; angles and sharp outlines dominate the scenery, replacing the rounded eroded surfaces of England. Dr. Gregory found entirely new types of volcanic eruptions, and valleys and mountains formed by forces whose operation is unknown on other parts of the globe. In his exploration of Mount Kenya, an extinct volcano, now covered by glaciers, he made out the important fact that, comparatively recently, the glaciation came down five thousand feet lower. This discovery simplifies considerably the problems suggested by the presence of true Alpine plants and birds on these isolated tropic peaks, and Dr. Gregory discusses in a most interesting fashion

the nature of the climatic changes which once made it possible for Alpine creatures to spread across the equator, and which again left them stranded on the summits of the highest mountains, where alone the necessary arctic conditions were preserved. But into these problems and into the equally interesting discussions concerning the intimate relations of the freshwater fish of Palestine and of Central Africa we have not space to enter. We take leave of the fascinating volume, expressing our profound conviction that it records achievements that would have added to the reputation of the most distinguished explorer and the best-known naturalist.

THE ASCENT OF WOMAN.

"The Ascent of Woman." By Roy Devereux. London: John Lane. 1896.

IF the truth be told, there is a kinship between our views of women's work in the arts and of the achievements by infant prodigies. We praise or blame, but our praise is tinged with flattery, our blame has a flavour of derision. Our verdict is not of artistic work, but of artistic work done by women. Was there ever a time in the history of the world when women played so large a part in the more obvious human activities, in the part of them, for instance, that newspapers reflect? And yet was there ever a time when women were taken less seriously? While they confined themselves to a separate sphere of activity, men were ready to admit them not lesser but different. Now that they have swarmed over into every occupation, comparison is inevitable. Men see that the feminine of University Education is University Extension; of science, anti-everything; of art, advertisement; of politics, faddism; and that even Mr. Hall Caine has a feminine in Madame Marie Corelli. Is the bond between a sex and weakness a harvest of man's sowing, or is it deep-seated in the nature of things? In the hour of woman's aggression man seems most secure in the latter opinion. None the less there are the prose and the ideas of Mrs. Meynell, here the prose and the ideas of Roy Devereux. Like the dozen women of the past whose names would have lived had they not been women, are they, too, gracious freaks of nature; or are they heralds of the future, prototypes of "the most dear vision of her that shall be" to whom Mrs. Devereux dedicates her book? The answer lies in the lap of the gods; though prophecy be denied us, enjoyment lies ready. Like children, we must open our mouths and shut our eyes and take what the gods have sent us.

At the first, let us be thankful for a style leavened with humour, sparkling with wit. When writing passes from the art of simple exposition into the graces of style, there is still much that is ephemeral. Allocation of phrases that charm one generation may seem a dull convention to the next. Language changes so quickly that words delicately chosen to-day have become common or laboured to-morrow. But wit is the steel that strikes sparks from the bed-rock of human intelligence; humour is as old and enduring as laughter.

Mrs. Devereux's wit and humour are not decorative afterthoughts that may be readily culled and exhibited. For the most part they are intrinsic in the web of her argument, and to appreciate them at their proper value would require too lengthy quotation. But here are some examples:—"One cannot probe to the heart of life without making a wound, nor to the soul of woman without earning her enmity"; "A good treatise on the application of rouge may well be literature when a discourse on her enfranchisement may be mere pamphleteering"; "A good deal may be said for the theory that modesty is only the consciousness of imperfection"; "Even if we are nearly all agreed that marriage is a failure, the conviction does not prevent our adorning ourselves for the sacrifice. . . . I verily believe that no trousseau would in nine cases out of ten mean no wedding. It is the tempering of the wind to the lamb about to be sheared, an extenuating circumstance that does something, at any rate, to mitigate the severity of a life-sentence."

As a sample of the delicate beauty of her style, in which, however, sense is never sacrificed to sound, take this passage, in which she compares the woman of the

future with woman as she is:—"There are, however, many things concerning her which are not yet clear to me. Will her old inheritance pass away when the new heaven and the new earth are hers? However limited the boundaries of her actual demesne, her invisible throne is even now set in a fair place; for is not all nature dominated by the feminine idea, so that the sky is lovely to us because it has borrowed the colour of her eyes, and the earth is sweet because it shares its brown with her hair? In this hemisphere we do not regard nature with the impersonal realism of the Oriental. It has come to possess for us an anthropomorphic significance. In the evolution of an æsthetic sensibility, our instinctive appreciation of human beauty has gradually begotten an analogous appreciation of the earth's loveliness. We have used the same adjectives to express both, and thus all that is fairest in nature has grown into a symbol of her. Hers is the rose of dawn, the delicacy of flowers, the murmur of the sea."

The sane restraint of Mrs. Devereux's opinions, although she is dealing with problems that in the present day have given hysteria a commercial value, is charmingly incongruous with the written views of women about women. We do not pretend to agree with all her opinions. We are even in doubt as to the value of her recurring insistence upon the incomprehensibility of her sex. No doubt all authority is with her, but to us it seems that there are not two incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible, and that, to equal purpose, women might assume the pose of being bipeds.

The first section of her book, entitled "Of Her Life," has already appeared in these pages. It begins with a skilful diagnosis of the malady affecting the "New Woman," a malady interpreted by Mrs. Devereux as spiritual indigestion due to a sudden change of diet from conventional insipidities to the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Thereafter she discusses the attitude of the modern woman to love, to marriage and to maternity, and on all of these she has things to say that are at once bold and wise, startling and convincing. The reluctance of the modern woman to maternity, which every one in London knows and ignores, is among the most important of social problems. Mrs. Devereux explains it partly by the suggestion that the modern woman, discarding the old superstition that heedless motherhood is a glory, "is fearful of bearing children, who will merely swell the crowd of the impotent, foredoomed to failure from their birth." But this, even if adequate as an explanation, is no help towards a solution of the problem. For, as has been pointed out already, it is the highest types that are most ready to decline perpetuation, the lowest that cling most foolishly to the instinctive view.

From these grave issues, which indeed cannot much longer be shirked, we turn with a fresh joy to the second and lighter portion of the volume, in which woman's looks are made into a book. All this section is sheer delight. The follies of heedless devotion to fashion and the stupidities of the so-called "hygienic" are scourged with the lightest but surest hand. A woman who has not made herself good to look at is either a criminal or a victim. Most of the women in the world are both, and the ineptitudes of the fashion papers will help them little until they realize Mrs. Devereux's great truth that dress is an individual thing, an adornment of the person impossible to copy. The difference between Mrs. Devereux's treatment of dress and the treatment of the ordinary writer is that between the artist and the tradeswoman. She alone of the writers we have read has realized the distinction between the thing and the thing worn—the elemental truth, great as the law of gravity, that a person may have *chic*, a hat, never. Our bodies, like our souls, are mere raw material, and to make both beautiful is the great art of life of which this lady is the prophet.

MODERN ILLUSTRATION.

"Modern Illustration." By Joseph Pennell. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1895. (Ex-Libris Series.)

THE reproductions to Mr. Pennell's book are extremely numerous and good, and afford most useful material for the student of the subject. The

author has worked hard; and considering that his book is practically the first on the subject, it is wonderfully full. Mr. Pennell finds that four men—Meissonier, Bewick, Goya, and Menzel—practically created modern illustration: and to these men and their successors, down to the younger contemporaries, he does ample justice. We will assume that every one of Mr. Pennell's æsthetic judgments is absolutely right. But we cannot resist the temptation of having a few words with him on other scores. Mr. Pennell appears to hold that, while only an artist has a title even to speak of art, any one may write a book. Any kind of sentence, however slipshod, will do for literature: and the result is sometimes a harassing ambiguity. For instance, Mr. Pennell says of a certain drawing by Rossetti, that it is "one of the strongest pieces of work, I think, that artist ever did in pen-and-ink." Does this mean "that any artist ever did," or "that Rossetti ever did"? Either meaning may be carried equally well by the slovenly English. Again, what is the precise meaning of a phrase like "altogether published separately"? The book is full of such things. Not only does Mr. Pennell write in a bad style, but too often, it seems to us, in a bad temper. He is always flying off at a tangent to attack somebody or something, and usually enemies of his own creation. Who are these mysterious beings who think it "strange" that any one should collect original drawings? Where is the "ordinary critic and authority" to whom the elements of his subject are, "of course, absolutely unknown"? Mr. Pennell delights to assume that his reader is unreasonable, even to madness.

But what we conceive to be a greater and really vital fault, running through the whole book, is the fact that the author does not seem to have decided, even in his own mind, what "illustration" is, and what it is not. He leads off with the portentous statement that "Illustration is not only the oldest, but the only, form of artistic expression which graphic artists have ever been able to employ." "All art is illustration." This is merely puerile begging of the question. However, by the third page Mr. Pennell has tired of his definition, which may just as well include poetry, music, architecture, furniture, pottery, cookery, and a dozen other things, and goes out of his way to exclude Dürer's designs for the Apocalypse and the Passion from the rank of illustrations, because they did not happen to be published with full text. As a matter of fact, they were issued with just as much text as Millais's Parables, which are treated as among the glories of modern illustration. And on page 4 we are told that all the great artists (who were *ipso facto* "illustrators" on page 1) entirely eschewed illustration, with the exception of Holbein. Why Holbein should be chosen, and Dürer left, appears to us inconceivable. But let us assume that the starting definition was merely a weak joke of Mr. Pennell's, and that he means by illustration what all the world agrees to mean by it. Yet we find that, throughout the book, every design is treated by itself and simply as a drawing. As to whether it illustrates or obscures the text it is intended for, not a word is ever said. We have seen designs which absolutely missed the point of poems they accompanied, yet so clever, as drawings, that we do not doubt Mr. Pennell would praise them. The fact is, Mr. Pennell has not taken the trouble to think the matter out. An amusing instance of his point of view occurs in his introduction, where he opines that the reason why the earlier great artists did not illustrate was that they could not get their designs decently engraved. Raphael, however, seems to have been pleased enough with Marc Antonio, and Rubens with the Bolswerts. All of them probably "illustrated" as much as they cared to. Rembrandt, for instance, did a few illustrations for books, though our author asserts he did not. Yet Mr. Pennell's conviction is that every great artist must have aspired to illustrate books, though only a few succeeded in doing it. It is also characteristic of Mr. Pennell's attitude that he laments the difficulty of picking out, among contemporaries, the "good from the almost good, the clever from the distinguished." We should have thought the difficulty was rather to pick out the distinguished from the clever. Let us give Mr. Pennell his entire due. Every one

knows him as a very accomplished artist on his own line, and he has studied a congenial subject with real enthusiasm. But we resent and protest against his manner of making books. His volume is valuable as a storehouse of information and as a treasury of modern designs: as an attempt at literature it is a thoroughly bad piece of work.

CHARITY BY ROTE.

"The Charities Register and Digest, with a Digest of Information respecting Legal and other Means for the Prevention and Relief of Distress, &c." With an elaborate Index and Introduction, by C. S. Loch. Fourth edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

MR. LOCH is wonderful. Years cannot wither him and his beloved Society. In fact, all the prowling and prying is continued with unabated zest, and the chronicle of the best of it is before us in a most valuable book, a book to buy and keep, to laugh and weep over, for here in melancholy or merry procession we behold all the united efforts of our fellow-Englishmen to succour the poor. Mr. Loch has opened many a cupboard, and called upon many a Mother Hubbard, and he relates, as exactly as he can, how many bones are in each cupboard, how much meat is upon them, and amongst how many the bones have to be shared. Of course clergymen, guardians, almoners, and others will buy this book and hunt up the home for aged pilgrims at Holloway, the society for writing texts from the Ephesians upon whelk shells and giving them to postmen, the address of the Stick and Cane dressers' union, or date of the doles of Prowde, Paggen, and Coote. It is necessary to tabulate all these details. We are glad to know that the North-East London Gospel Mission has a dépôt at Ball's Pond and "a Bible Van (horse-drawn)"; that a blind person, who washes, has an umbrella and slippers, and is neither mendicant, married, nor a maniac, may by constant application obtain some temporary accommodation from one of the innumerable societies which fill up forty of Mr. Loch's pages. Possibly this poor Tobit may be able to give "credible evidences of experimental piety," and attain to the joys of the Protestant homes of Finsbury Park. But somehow Charity looks unlike herself summarized, and in this scientific dress. She reminds us rather of Charity Pecksniff than of the Pauline Charity. She has bustling and fussy ways, which she has learned from Mrs. Jellyby. One turns the pages and asks why "illegitimate children are not admitted" into the Islington Day Nursery? and how the 595 worn-out Wesleyan ministers are known to be "incapacitated for further labour," and thus fitted to enjoy the £24,553 of the auxiliary fund? Mr. Loch has turned away many societies from the door of his dictionary, presumably because they are undeserving, and the remainder are all worthy and respectable no doubt; only they sadly lack the mien of that sweet virtue whose name they bear.

The great feature of this book is, of course, the Introduction, which has plumped out into ten score pages, and is, like all collections of facts, to be treated with tenderness; but where Mr. Loch leaves the realm of fact and goes into precept our respect for him vanishes. He becomes a mere doctrinaire radical of the most superannuated type. His long warfare against out-relief, for instance, has resulted in the capture of one Board of Guardians, and only one. The Whitechapel Board is the most brutal in London; but the Whitechapel rates are enormous, and if it were not for a stream of doles there would be many deaths from starvation in that quarter. The five "principles of charity" which Mr. Loch sets forth can only be held by a middle-class man when discussing the "case" of a labourer. The first—the miserable bogie of cultivating self-dependence in the recipient—*αὐτάρκεια* Aristotle calls it—is an absurdity. No one wants a State made up of self-dependent people, unless it be Bakounine or the late Mdlle. Michel. And must the individual, "as far as possible be left to his own resources," his shame, and fear? It is not these things which teach men virtue, and every middle-class father knows that to leave his naughty boy to the policeman is not the royal road to respectability, nor is it the way to make poor men into robust citizens. Thirdly,

family obligations are to be "cast upon the family," and the drunkard's babes are to die if he will not feed them. Now, as a mere matter of fact, even the drunkard more often obeys example than precept. If we feed the babes, he does not invariably drink the deeper. He feeds them, too, more often than not. Mr. Loch's fourth principle, that a thorough knowledge of the applicants' wants, history, pedigree, moral, physical, psychical, and intellectual states, is necessary to the almoner before he relieves, is not only cruel, but ridiculous. This thorough knowledge is not possessed even by the applicant himself, and the twelve weeks' investigation and forty-nine questions of the Charity Organization form are mere impertinences; for human beings are far too complicated for these superficial surveys to map them out. While as for the "personal control" which Mr. Loch advocates, it is more than impertinent—it is insolent, and produces practices wholly kickworthy. The last principle of Mr. Loch's five is that Charity must be "vigilant to see duty done," and this, though excellent in sound, overthrows the nature of Charity. She is not the parent of stern duty, but the child of that awful-browed potentate, the favourite sunny, rather wayward child, who cannot do any of the great and masculine works of her father, but who makes the world a great deal sweeter and homelier all the same. No doubt this Charity has her faults and is not at all precise, or good at sums, or as tidy as Mr. Loch would like to see her; but the raw-boned "new Charity" is a person in mechanical stays, doing everything by rote, and clanking dungeon keys at her girdle, repressing the ungodly, and birching the bare skin of poverty when she beholds it gleaming through rags and tatters. She may be admirable and beneficent, but she has no earthly right to be called Charity, in any sense of the term. And we are disposed to ask whether the poor of London would be much worse off if all these Charitable societies were whipped out of the city.

BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

"Battles of English History." By Hereford B. George, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

THIS book, which is written by one who has not any connexion, so far as we know, with soldiering, is one nevertheless which should serve as a model to any military writer. How it came about that it should have been reserved for a professor at Oxford to write it we can with difficulty understand; for it displays a sympathy with, and appreciation of, military needs which might more naturally, one imagines, have spurred some professional man on to taking pen in hand. There are so many battles in it, and the periods of time dealt with are so various, that we might have anticipated a popular work suited for schoolboys, picturesque perhaps and lively, but scarcely very original or displaying much research. It is, however, something very different. The accounts of the battles are short, it is true, but they are only so in the sense in which the *précis* of some important State paper drawn up by a practised hand can be so described. The writer has studied all the authorities on his subject; has in many cases, we imagine, walked over the fields he tells us of; and is possessed of all the technical knowledge necessary for a thorough understanding of his theme. Alison wrote of battles, yet knew nothing of military matters; and he did wonderfully well on the whole, considering the disadvantages he laboured under. But he seems often to imagine that sounding phrases will replace detailed information when treating of war, and his turgid rhetoric scarcely gives us a clear view of the fighting. Mr. George writes in a very different fashion: his manner is marked by reticence, and there is scarcely an unnecessary word in his descriptions. We referred to the story of the battle of Waterloo with much curiosity. It has very often been described, and still there is much in dispute with reference to it. An account good enough for a merely popular book would be very easy to write; a short one which would be satisfying to accurate scholars would be an extremely trying task. Mr. George shows that he is familiar with all the latest books, has weighed all the various views, and has digested them far more thoroughly than have many who write as

experts on the subject. The share borne in the battle by both Prussians and English is impartially measured out; the deficiencies of all the leaders, national heroes or otherwise, are justly exposed; and there is no sign of that bias or prejudice which has marred most popular accounts of one of the greatest fights that the world has seen. That this account should have been written by the same hand that wrote that of Ramillies, Hastings, Towton, and Bannockburn is quite a marvellous tribute to the intelligence and industry of the author. Ramillies is almost as good as Waterloo, and Albuera is dealt with as well as either. The least satisfactory part to our mind is that which discusses the Crimea. Possibly our author felt, not unnaturally, that he was on very slippery ice in dealing with such a battle, for example, as Balaclava, of which there are many survivors still happily amongst us. He is certainly too considerate to Lord Cardigan, when he tells us how he sat still and let the Russians retire before our heavy brigade unmolested by our light horsemen. The Royals, moreover, charged that huge column with the 4th Dragoon Guards, and so did the 5th Dragoon Guards, yet no mention is made but of the 4th Dragoon Guards and of the Greys and Inniskillings. The story of Inkerman is better told, and Mr. George justly pays a tribute to the courageous obstinacy of the British soldiers. They were beaten for all that, however, had their opponents only realized the fact; and nothing saved us but the want of a really competent leader in the Russian ranks. The brief narrative of the Indian Mutiny is excellent, and we rejoice to see it disfigured by none of those excursions in the realms of politics which mar the symmetry of some similar civilian writings. Mr. George is able to appreciate Hodson and Nicholson and Sir John Lawrence, and does justice to Havelock and Clyde and Outram. He speaks, in fact, as an English gentleman discussing the deeds of Englishmen ought to speak, and he nowhere lets prejudice interfere with the clearness of his insight. Finally, Mr. George carries us right up to date, for in an intermediate note on "Subject Races" he tells us what our people have done quite recently in Burma and on our North-West frontier of India, and he quotes the deeds of a gallant young Artillery officer—Lieutenant MacMunn—who behaved in 1892 quite like one of our leaders in the "good old times," and got into Sadon after experiences which would, we fancy, have daunted nine out of ten other officers. In conclusion, we commend the book heartily to the notice of our readers.

FICTION.

"The Old Pastures: a Story of the Woods and Fields." By Mrs. Leith-Adams (Mrs. R. S. de Courcy Laffan). London: Kegan Paul. 1895.

AS this lady of the many double-barrelled names can cram a list of thirteen other novels on her title-page, it would appear that she has readers, or at least confiding publishers. And, indeed, after Ian Maclaren nothing need surprise. She has evidently read George Eliot, and determined to immortalize the Warwickshire dialect. There is a Mrs. Pomfret, who directly she appears is recognizable as a silly version of Mrs. Poyser. She stays at home on Sundays to "trim her soul," and she is very proud of a laying-out gown "of lavender-sprigged cotton" she has "carefully laid by for the last toilette (*sic*) of all." We live among villagers and view everything from the villagers' point of view. We speak with bated breath of the Squire and his relations. The Squire's wife—a female cad if ever there was one—is the author's notion of a *grande dame*. Sometimes the author calls her "Alicia, Lady Cardew," and sometimes "Lady Alicia Cardew," which she evidently imagines is the same thing. The nomenclature is irritating all through. The farmer's head man is called Cadwallader, the barber is Ananias Drinkwater, and the magpie—tell it not in the Rue du Bac!—answers to the name of "Whistler," though "why, or when, or by whom the magpie was called Whistler no man knew." The hero is a prig of the first water, who becomes "a passionate philanthropist" after an hour's chat about slums with the heroine, who had lived in Birmingham. She will not presume to marry him because he is the

Squire's son; but when he turns out to be a lady's-maid's bastard she hastens to fling herself at his head. Mrs. Leith-Adams &c. de Courcy Laffan's English sets our teeth on edge, and her notions of probability irritate us continually. And surely witch-hunts are now out of date, even in the neighbourhood of Birmingham?

"A Mask and a Martyr." By E. Livingston Prescott. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

We owe the author a grudge for giving us a sleepless night—reading on and on in pursuit of his *dénouement*—but we are bound to say that it is skilfully concealed, and that it does not disappoint the great expectations formed of it on the way. Captain Harradyne was evidently a fine fellow, but no sooner came there a rumour of war than he sent in his papers, whereupon his brother officers presented him with a white feather as a mark of their contempt. Then he went to live in a suburb and taught in the Sunday school; but he was often seen coming out of public-houses, and rumour had it that he was a drunkard and beat his wife. In any case, he was notoriously mean towards her. She had settled all her money upon him, but he never let her have any pocket-money, and he never let her go out, even to the most harmless places, without him. Finally, he was charged in a police-court with stealing a jewel, and left the court "with a stain on his character." After this nearly everybody was against him, particularly as he was always appearing with fresh wounds and bruises. How reconcile all this with his evident excellence? It is grossly unfair to the author to reveal what is the mainstay of his book, but we will be no parties to the propagation of insomnia. It is the wife who is a violent and habitual drunkard, and the husband who deliberately exposes himself to misconstruction in order to shield her. Finally, she dies, and he enlists as a private and dies fighting heroically in Egypt. He sends back the white feather, stained red with his blood, to the mess of his old regiment, who are touched, but naturally puzzled.

"The Lost Pibroch, and other Sheiling Stories." By Neil Munro. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

There is a fine Scots breeze about Mr. Munro's stories, and though we do not always understand the vernacular, we appreciate the freshness of the local colour. There is a glossary at the end, but it is not nearly full enough for benighted Southrons, who are left to their unaided wits to guess at such words as crouse, swank, swanky, gleg, sheiling, and so forth, and we protest against the senseless use of the word whatever, which may be forgiven in a gillie, but not in Sheiling stories. The best stories are those about bagpipes, which are not only raised to the rank of musical instruments, but even above all others.

"The Trespasses of Two." By Frederic Breton. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

Here, too, we have the irritating refrain "whatever," but it never rises above a stage accessory to remind us that we have crossed the Tweed. Most trespasses are "of two," but these particular trespasses concerned two different generations. But for the younger trespasser's meanness in trying to shift his trespass on to a rival, the whole business is fairly venial, and certainly does not warrant all the lamentations of Mr. Breton and his puppets. There are one or two strong situations—a storm on a loch, and a still bigger storm at the heroine's marriage to the villain—but Mr. Breton's is evidently still a 'prentice hand, and he wearies us most of the time. Even his conclusion is perverse. Not content with drowning one trespasser and striking the other with paralysis, he compels the hero and heroine to wait seven years before they may marry, because the villain's body has not been found.

"In a Silent World." By the Author of "Views of English Society." London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

A candid preface warns us not to expect a "mysterious plot," "sparkling dialogues," or anything "purely amusing," but only "the introspection of a soul, pent up, prison-like, between the walls of a great affliction." Had the "introspection" been shrewd or even pathetic, we had readily foregone the commonplace

of sensational brilliancy. But the whole story is inimitably crude and dull. It purports to be the diary of a deaf-and-dumb girl and, if mere naturalness were a virtue, there would be something to say for it. This is the kind of artless philosophy:—"I began to know by degrees what joy, and sorrow, and anger meant. . . . I found that people had two names, an individual or Christian, and a family or surname." And here are breathless travellers' tales:—"We visited many other churches of interest, as well as the museum. . . . It was very refreshing to return to the hotel garden after our sight-seeing. . . . It amused us to watch the fresh arrivals and the indefatigable porter. . . . My father explained to me that a foolish custom of sword-fighting prevails amongst (German) students, and they are actually proud of slicing and being sliced." Indeed, the whole book is thus written in deaf-and-dumb, even the love-making being very deaf-and-dumb, and it should command the attention of many deaf-and-dumb readers. Others—but we prefer not to speak for the others!

"Pierrot: a Story." (Pierrot's Library. Vol. I.) By H. de Vere Stacpoole. London: John Lane. 1896.

The first half of "Pierrot" is deliciously fresh and natural. It might quite well have been written, as it purports to have been, by a boy of sixteen. His visit to an opera ball, and his beguilement by Mlle. Ambre-noir, whose right stocking was amber and whose left stocking was black, is quite artistic in its artlessness. The dialogues effervesce to intoxication-point. Then we drift into morose mysticism and flat soda-water. But the fizzy part is worth reading for its own sake.

"A Man and a Woman." Faithfully presented by Stanley Waterloo. (The Waterloo Series. Vol. I.) London: George Redway. 1896.

A protest is necessary against the growing practice of dubbing novels "vol. i." of a "series" or a "library," but when the name of an unknown author is given to a series the practice seems reduced to the absurd. Mr. Waterloo is evidently anxious to convince us of his realism, for he indulges in conversations with his hero, who goes the length of calling him by his Christian name, such as it is. The book may be described as the apotheosis of a pimp. We have the minutest details of the life of a great hulking, healthy Yankee, and they seem to us for the most part unnecessary. To illustrate his love of nature, we are satiated with desperate natural history, not excepting a snake-story, at the outset. At the age of six he chases and kills two black snakes, six feet long, which had interfered with his bird's-nesting. At twenty he has an intrigue with an uninteresting married woman of thirty. Then he is articulated to a New York solicitor, and sleeps on the floor until he is taken on as a bully in a house of ill-fame. This leads to much moralizing and apologetic admiration on the part of the author. While married to one woman he meets the woman of the title-page, and proposes to her. Divorces are easily obtained in America, and he proceeds to marry the uninteresting heroine (described as "just a little brown streak"). Pages are devoted to a minute relation of the couple's childish endearments; then they die.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Unconscious Humourist; and other Essays." By E. H. Lacon Watson. London: Elkin Mathews. 1896.

MR. WATSON'S volume will be a source of some pleasure to those who have a sentimental tenderness for the essay as a form of literature. He writes in a soft, capable style, he rises to no uneasy heights, he presses no point relentlessly, he sees both sides with a studied and somewhat conscious impartiality, he cares for no opinion so heartily as to be able to resist the temptation of limiting it with a gentlemanly liberality. In fact, nothing matters much, so it is unnecessary to distress yourself or your readers. The philosopher who would go about to prove that things do matter a good deal would doubtless find his hands full; but it is pertinent to ask whether it is not more interesting to pretend that they do. Moreover, as often as not you will find your impartial man, for all his seeing of both sides, quite strong, and even a little acid on one point—namely, the superiority of the commonplace. This is no paradox, no extravagance with him; it is his one serious preoccupation.

tion. All through his easygoing liberality you will note a continual little nag against Ibsen, or Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, or the contemporary fiction which deals with the relations of the sexes; or, in fact, anything that he considers odd. He will not demean himself by thinking on this subject, he will repeat the two statements which are the stand-by of every bore in the kingdom—(1) oddness is a peculiarity of the present day; (2) people who write about and draw odd things do so, not because the oddness is in them, but in order to attract attention. Now the attitude of mind which leads the lazy man to gather up all that does not claim his sympathy and to declare with a weakly irritation that it is a sign of the nasty time in which he happens to live, resumes in itself the three deadly sins of falseness, uninterestingness, and commonness. And if there is another thing which is even more untrue, more uninteresting, and more commonplace, it is the imputation of insincerity. And altogether the serious admiration for the commonplace may easily be carried too far. There are a good many readable things, for instance, that even an ordinary man, if he took a little trouble, could write on the subject of Meredith; but there is just one statement we do not want to read in print, because we may hear as good in any place where two or three are gathered together. Maybe that Meredith is difficult, maybe (though this is a more doubtful supposition) that a man has a right to tell you that he, "in common with a good many other intellects of mediocre capacity," wishes for more clearness. But we do not bless the writer who offers us, with a smile, the identical opinion which depressed us overnight at the dinner-table or on the stairs. And if we may give an opinion on a difficult question, we should say that a man had better not write an easygoing desultory essay unless he has some quite peculiar charm of manner. The writer of "mediocre capacity" is more likely to be readable if he chooses one point, sticks to it all through, and leaves off when he has done with it. This, however, is obviously a matter of opinion; and it is only fitting to take leave of such a kindly and pleasant essayist as Mr. Watson with an open question.

"Schoolmaster Sketches." By T. J. Macnamara. London: Cassell & Co. 1896.

Mr. Macnamara knows something about Board Schools, and he has no doubt some ludicrous and some heart-rending experiences to relate. But he has chosen his vehicle badly, and the tremendous clatter he makes driving it takes away any enjoyment we might have found in his company. We will not say that the conclusions to his stories are impossible, that they could not be confirmed by facts; but they are hopelessly out of proportion to the ends he has in view. In order to show that a too great rigidity on the part of inspectors is a mistake, Mr. Macnamara finds it necessary to kill the schoolmistress who was not rigid enough, and to spend a couple of paragraphs describing her funeral and the red earth of her grave. To show that rules are sometimes so awkward that the most innocent will be pressed into fraud, he administers a fever to another schoolmistress, and the grave and the red earth have to do duty once more in the service of education. At the conclusion of a third story they pick up a mangled body, and a fourth tells of altar-rails and a brave little face and a little hand and storm and sunshine. An author has no chance of moving us when he makes us lean back in our chairs and say "Come, come." Indeed, the short story is a dangerous thing to play with, more dangerous than fire or the fabled darts.

"Stages in the Journey." By Harry Lander. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

"The Story of a London Clerk." London: The Leadenhall Press. 1896.

There is very little to be said in praise of the story which takes up the first half of Mr. Lander's book. With the studio business to which the author treats us we are all quite familiar. A business assuredly it is, without any signs of the freshness that comes from personal observation, or the free fancy of a mind untrammelled by preconceived notions of what painters are like. And of the two situations from which the life of the story is supposed to proceed, we hardly know which is the more thoroughly dead, a painter signing another man's work, or two friends discovering that after all they are not in love with the same girl, but with two sisters. If the studio business and the two situations came into Mr. Lander's head as original inspirations straight from Heaven, we wish him better luck next time. If, as most readers of this story will conclude, he has concocted them, we beg of him not to cook any more. The second half of his book also smells of the kitchen. But the savour is thicker and not altogether unappetizing to those who are not too particular as to the delicacy of the ingredients. Mr. Lander is free with his onions, as it were, and his burnt sugar, and the fat sputters a bit into the fire. As long as he can make something smell strongly, in fact, he is contented. We are told that the cultured world was at one time convulsed by the discussion as to the number of angels that could balance themselves simultaneously on the point of

a single needle, and if the discussion were carried over to the field of art, we should certainly side with the more generous of the fathers, and declare that an unlimited number of masterpieces could be written on one subject. And there is no first-hand reason why Mürger's particular province should be set apart. But the lurid Bohemia should not be looked upon as a Tom Tiddler's Ground for beginners, where riches lie carelessly guarded. You may easily make an effect with rowdy ballet-girls who are noble, and drunkards who are generous, and suicides in the river; but the true gold does not reveal itself more freely here than elsewhere, nor can it be worked with less conscience and less delicacy.

There are two ways in which the mystery of Mr. Brown might have been correctly written. On the one hand, we might have seen the mysterious Mr. Brown only through the eyes of his mystified friends, in which case the story would have been a study of the effects of such a mystery on various characters, and especially the heroine. On the other, we might have been let into Mr. Brown's secret at once, and then he might have been allowed to have a separate existence of his own. Mr. Oppenheim follows neither of these courses. Mr. Brown is set up as an independent personage, who again and again reveals to us his private sensations; and yet we are allowed to remain as completely in the dark concerning the deep mystery of his life as the characters that are grouped round him. An innocent man, who knows the criminal, is supposed by the heroine to have committed a murder, and as long as we see him through her eyes we are rightly mystified along with her; but when once she is off the stage, and we look at him standing alone and see direct into his thoughts, the mystery can have no real existence any longer, and it is playing the fool with us to pretend it can. If the author thought his mystery was not good enough to stand the test of being laid bare at once to the reader, he should have invented a better. And certainly we think that he might have found something more subtle than a wrongly attributed murder to put as an obstacle between the heroine and the man whose sudden sympathy brings a new world of interests into her dull life. For we take it that any lasting interest the book may possess lies in the fact that a distressing veil of some sort hangs between two persons whose attraction for each other is a wonderful and beautiful thing, and not in the machinery of this particular mystery.

The author of "The Story of a London Clerk" has some facts to relate about the doings of a boy who lives on twelve shillings a week; but the facts surely lose by their dispersal among odd ends of a story and descriptions of people in the East End who have nothing to do with the clerk. Moreover, the author is possessed by the notion that it is necessary to have a style, and having got hold of one he persists in mounting and riding it whenever he approaches those narrow and tricky places where a style is the most dangerous of animals—rocky paths lying about the hill of Venus, sufficiently forbidding, one would imagine, with all the relics of heavy falls suffered by those who have passed that way before on horseback.

We have also received Part I. of "Cassell's Natural History," and Part I. of "British Birds," by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., F.L.S., &c., in "Lloyd's Natural History"; the five Parts of "Royal Academy Pictures" (Cassell); new edition of "At Home in the Transvaal," by Mrs. Carey Hobson (Ward & Downey); second edition of "The Curse of the Fevriels," by Sylvia Penn (Jarrold); new and cheaper edition of Jules Verne's "Dropped from the Clouds," translated by W. H. G. Kingston (Sampson Low); "Prayers and Promises," by H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (Seeley); second edition of "Stages in Atonement," by the Rev. C. R. D. Biggs, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall); new and cheaper edition of "Godfrey Morgan," by Jules Verne, translated by W. J. Gordon (Sampson Low); "Sir Launcelot Greaves," Vol. X. of "The Works of Tobias Smollett," edited by George Saintsbury (Gibbings).

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE most notable article in a not very interesting issue of "Cosmopolis" this month is Sir Charles Dilke's indictment of civilization in Africa. The mischief began, he says, when Portuguese claims, historically valid, were ignored, and the Berlin Conference of '84-'85 put forward the "sacred duty" of bringing "the blessings of Christianity and civilization" to Africa for her "permanent advantage." The Congo State and the Niger Company come in for the largest share of blame, but England and Germany have too often been "unfortunate" in the choice of their agents. M. Emile Faguet contributes an amusing appreciation of M. Bourget's "Idylle tragique," and many of his criticisms find pointed illustrations in the American story "Deux Ménages," which M. Bourget publishes in the review. The selection of Tourguéneff's letters, of which M. Halperine-Kaminsky gives a first instalment, are not interesting so far. Mme. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, in a pleasant and humorous little play, pictures the return of an old fop to his wife, and Herr Neumann-Hofer describes Sudermann's new play "Das Glück im Winkel."

"The National Review" has a way of being bright and readable, and this month's issue is no exception. After discussing

various other explanations of the raid into the Transvaal, Mr. L. J. Maxse offers his own. "The raid was originally organized by the Reform Committee and Mr. Rhodes to bounce the Boers, and was finally employed by Mr. Rhodes to bounce the Reform Committee as well as the Boers." When the Reformers got an inkling of Mr. Rhodes's far-reaching plans they stopped short and refused aid to Jameson. Dr. Louis Robinson gives an amazing answer to the question why change of air is beneficial. Man was once an unsettled hunter, and this wandering period of his history lasted so long that change is still one of the necessities of his being. Mrs. Earle's plea on behalf of amateur painting for girls who have nothing to do certainly has the merit of boldness; one of her points, however, is well worth making—it is, indeed, a mistake that girls who live at home should not be supposed to have "any right to the undisturbed use of any portion of their time." Mrs. Earle says that this inconsiderate and unnecessary interruption of free quiet times is wrong because it hinders the accomplishment of good work. This is to put the affair on a narrow basis—it is a mistake anyhow, work or no work. Principal Grant quarrels with Dr. Goldwin Smith for his pessimistic views on the subject of Canadian loyalty, and quarrels with no little vigour and conviction; the Archdeacon of London points out the impossibility of Reunion; Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mr. D. G. Hogarth his experiences of cycling in the Desert. Mr. St. Loe Strachey shows how in rating rural districts a retired stockbroker worth 5,000*l.* a year may be asked to pay far less than a farmer whose income can only be 1,000*l.* a year and is probably not so much.

"The Evergreen" is as nerveless a piece of pretentiousness as you can meet in a three months' journey along the path of periodical literature. He is but a poor sort of man who has no sympathy with pompousness, who cannot be moved at times by the high-sounding and the full-mouthed, though it be empty and even savour of humbug. But the solemnity that does not impose is only aggravating. The all-embracing garment stitched together from shreds of Buddhism, the worship of Pan, with here a patch of Chivalry, there a frill of Ruskin, or a bit of the New Woman, or anything else that lies handy, this is too large a thing for the wearing of Mr. Patrick Geddes and his colleagues of the Lawnmarket. And apparently they will not content themselves with the position of humble students; unawed, they trip and stumble and entangle themselves in the trailing robe. The impression one gets from their antics is of a number of persons making solemn faces about nothing, and the one quality which could lighten this impression—namely, elegance—is eschewed of set purpose. With the exception of two drawings by Mr. James Cadenhead, the pictures are as pretentious and unconvincing as the thick overloaded writing. It is all very well to be elemental—artists may be anything they like so long as they succeed—but meaningless lines are meaningless the world over. And this Gaelic Revival business becomes broad farce in the drawing by Mr. Robert Brough which he calls "Roses." Any one who wants to get a laugh out of the otherwise sad "Evergreen" should compare this drawing with Steinlen's "Feuilles Mortes" and "Femme de Chagrin" in the supplement of the "Gil Blas" for 27 October, 1895, and 2 February, 1896, respectively. It is really most amusing to see how helpless Mr. Brough is when the necessities of combining two figures from two different drawings make it impossible for him to copy Steinlen line by line. And we cannot even commend his admiration for the master, because it is inconceivable that an artist with one grain of taste in his composition could have had the heart to tamper with fine work in such a thick-headed, mean-spirited fashion. There always was, of course, a close connexion between Scotland and France.

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PIXHOLME, DORKING.—BOYS are prepared for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and ROYAL NAVY. Inclusive fees, 80 or 100 Guineas a year, according to age. Boys under six years of age are taught in the Kinder Garten Department by a fully trained teacher. Fees, 60 Guineas a year. Principal, Miss BRAHAM (Cambridge Higher Local Certificate in Honours).

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—The TECHNICAL EDUCATION BOARD is prepared to receive applications for the appointment of PRINCIPAL of the Central School of Arts and Crafts, which it is proposed to open in October next. The general conduct of the School will be in the hands of the Board's Art advisers, Mr. G. Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. W. R. Lethaby. The duties of the Principal will be to organise and direct the Classes under the general guidance of the Art Advisers, to be generally responsible for the conduct of the School, and to teach some branch of Art in its application to architecture or the crafts. The school will be both a Day and Evening School, and the Principal will be expected to be present generally when the School is open. It is proposed that the salary should be fixed at from £300 to £400 per annum according to the duties undertaken.

Forms of application can be obtained from the undersigned, and should be received not later than first post on Tuesday, July 14.

13 Spring Gardens, S.W.

WM. GARNETT,

Secretary of the Board.

"THE JUMPERS" GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £100,000

Johannesburg, June, 1896.

Sir,—Your Directors beg to submit to you a Summary of Operations for the Month of May, 1896:—

100 HEAD MILL.

			£	s.	d.
To Mining..	8,789 tons	11s. 8 ¹ / ₂ d.	5,132	9	9
" Hauling and Pumping	8,789 "	4s. 3 ¹ / ₂ d.	1,901	14	0
" Transport ..	8,789 "	9 ¹ / ₂ d.	333	14	1
" Milling ..	8,789 "	6s. 10 ¹ / ₂ d.	3,095	13	1
" Charges ..	8,789 "	0s. 10 ¹ / ₂ d.	401	16	6
<hr/>					
" Redemption on ..	8,789 "	24s. 6 ¹ / ₂ d.	10,794	14	5
		4s. od.	1,757	16	0
Cost per ton ..		28s. 6 ¹ / ₂ d.	12,552	10	5

" Cost of treating 5,467 tons Tailings: 830 7 2

PROFIT FOR MONTH 13,391 17 7

.. .. . 3,833 10 5

£17,225 8 0

By 3,547 oz. Gold:—

At 74s. 13,123 18 0

" Concentrates:—

690 oz. 9,007 10 0

.. .. . 15,131 8 0

" 698 ozs. Gold from Tailings 2,094 0 0

£17,225 8 0

TOTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR MONTH.

	£	s.	d.
To Cost, Mining and Milling ..	10,794	14	5
" Cyaniding ..	830	4	2
" Plant Account, &c. ..	123	5	6
" Mine Development ..	1,087	13	10
" Buildings, &c. ..	860	10	7
" Balance ..	4,119	16	6
<hr/>			
	£17,225	8	0

By Gold, Concentrates and Tailings 17,225 8 0

£17,225 8 0

Driven and sunk during the Month, 237½ feet.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom £1 8 2

All other parts of the World 1 10 4

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in advance, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to
STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CAPTAIN OATS, in his cabled report on the properties to be acquired by this Company, says:—"All these properties occupy, undoubtedly, a very good position in the line of best mines. I can strongly recommend them to the investing public as a perfectly sound speculation."

The Resident Manager, under date 19th May, reports:—"Struck good lode, 28 feet in width, lease 1384, showing visible gold."

The List of Applications for Shares will Open on Saturday, 11th July, 1896, and will Close on Tuesday, 14th July, 1896, for Town and Country.

THE IVANHOE CONSOLS PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL - - - - - £125,000

In 125,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 82,000 Shares are now offered for public Subscription.

PAYABLE—2s. on Application, 3s. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and the balance in Calls not to exceed 5s., as and when required, at intervals of not less than one month.

DIRECTORS.

RALPH S. ARCHBOLD, Director of United Gold Reefs, Limited.
W. J. FLINT, Director of Eagle's Nest Gold Mining Company, Limited.
D. K. INGLIS, Director of Gold Consols, Limited.
F. M. DE MIREMONT, Director of Parent Syndicate of Western Australia, Limited.
A. LELAND NOEL, Director of Midland Railway of Western Australia, Limited.

BANKERS.—Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & CO., 32 Abchurch Lane, E.C.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. R. W. COOPER & SONS, 5 Victoria Street, S.W.

BROKERS.—Messrs. WOOLNER & CO., 6 Draper's Gardens, E.C.

AUDITOR.—W. W. WRIGHT, Chartered Accountant, 6 Gt. Winchester Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—G. T. VERNEY, Dashwood House, New Broad Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is formed to acquire and further develop four mining leases known as the Ivanhoe Consols Amalgamated, Trilby, and Little Billee, numbered respectively 1383, 1384, 1411, and 2491¹/₂, comprising an area of 34 acres or thereabouts, situated in the Hannan's district, Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

The Ivanhoe Consols Amalgamated adjoins Hannan's 100 Acres, and the Trilby and Little Billee adjoin the Bon Accord Mine.

These leases have been reported upon by Captain Oats, Messrs. Stapleton, Nyhan, and Bibby, whose reports, or extracts therefrom, are set out below, and attention is drawn to their favourable character.

Attention is also drawn to the fact that Captain Oats and Mr. Stapleton report that an abundance of water for crushing is available, and that timber for all mining purposes is in plentiful supply. The value of an abundant supply of water in such a district as Kalgoorlie can hardly be exaggerated.

The Railway to Kalgoorlie is almost completed. When it is opened for traffic the expense of moving machinery, supplies, &c., will be considerably reduced, and the development of the mines rendered much less costly.

Reports of rich finds are constantly being received from this district, one of the latest and most important, as showing the permanence and richness of the reefs in depth, being one from the Great Boulder Mine, where a rich strike has been made at a depth of 200 ft.

MR. GEORGE GRAY, M.E., during the course of his lecture on the Great Goldfields of Western Australia, delivered at the Imperial Institute on the 20th February, 1896, speaking of the Hannan's Goldfield, remarked:—

"In scarcely any part of Hannan's district is it possible to take a series of prospects from the lode formations without getting good results, and in many parts beneath the superficial alluvial deposit is to be found a heavy cement capping, which invariably carries gold."

"At the 150 ft. level, developments are proving that the lodes gain greatly in strength, and at 200 ft. the filling of the fissures is practically a quartz formation, well defined, strongly mineralised, and increasing in gold values. In fact, so far as my knowledge and observation extend, the mines have shown no signs of weakness as depth has been reached. On the contrary, the chutes are increasing in length and strength, and the gradual change in the condition of the quartz 50 ft. below water level proves, in view of past practical experience, that the reefs are permanent and will live in depth."

"Not only do the rich chutes exist as I have attempted to describe, carrying a grade of ore to an extent which I think is unequalled in the history of gold-mining, but there are also the lode formations, varying in width from 20 ft. to 40 ft., carrying gold from wall to wall."

Attention is drawn to the fact that this Company will acquire four separate leases, and the policy of the Directors will be to develop and re-sell at a profit one or more blocks, as opportunity offers, retaining the remainder to be worked by the Parent Company, or dealt with as circumstances may suggest.

Since the gentlemen (mentioned in the prospectus) reported on these properties the Resident Manager, under date May 19th, reports:—

"Struck good lode, 28 feet in width, lease 1384, showing visible gold."

The price has been fixed by the Gold Consols, Limited, the Vendors to the Company, at £100,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, £45,000 in Shares, and the balance in cash or fully-paid Shares, or partly in both at the option of the Directors, leaving 25,000 Shares available for Working Capital. The Vendors agree to pay all expenses (except brokerage) connected with the formation of the Company up to allotment.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—1. A Contract dated 19th February, 1896, between Thomas Hammond Martyn, by his Attorney George Miller Light, of the one part, and Thomas Craven of the other part; 2. A Contract dated 13th March, 1896, between Thomas Craven of the one part, and the Gold Consols, Limited, of the other part; 3. A Contract dated 30th June, 1896, between the Gold Consols, Limited, of the one part, and George Thomas Verney, as Trustee for the Ivanhoe Consols Proprietary Company, Limited, of the other part.

The above-mentioned Contracts and Reports and the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Certain Agreements and arrangements have been or may be entered into as to the formation of the Company and the subscription of its capital, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their right, if any, to particulars thereof, or to any further specification of the Agreements under which the properties and options have been secured, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Messrs. Flint and Inglis are Directors of the Gold Consols, and are as such interested in the purchase.

Application for Shares should be made on, or in accordance with, the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Should no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if the number of Shares allotted is less than applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses and Application Forms, with full reports of mining experts, may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Office of the Company.

LONDON, 10th July, 1896.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY,
LIMITED,
JOHANNESBURG,
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

THE CROWN REEF has again beaten the record; 125 per cent.
 earned last year.

DIRECTORATE.

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman.*

R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director.*
 J. W. S. LANGERMAN.
 F. ROBINOW.

A. GOERZ.
 C. D. RUDD (*Alternate E. BIRKENRUTH*).
 C. S. GOLDMANN (*Alternate J. G. HAMILTON*).

LONDON COMMITTEE.

CHAS. RUBE.
 JOHN ELLIOTT.

S. NEUMANN.
 E. DUVAL.

SECRETARY.

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

LONDON SECRETARY.

A. MOIR.

Head Office CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.
 London Transfer Office 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT.

DEAR SIR,—

The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for May, 1896, which shows a Total Profit of £15,786 19s. 6d. :—

**DIRECTORS' REPORT, BALANCE SHEET, AND
 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.**

THE Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said :—
 Gentlemen : In presenting you with the Directors' Report for the past twelve months, together with Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet, your Board have very much pleasure in placing before you such an account. It is really a model statement, and sets an example to other companies in the place. I think we can also congratulate ourselves on the strong position in which our Company is. We have again beaten the record during the past year, but whether we are going to keep it up this year it is difficult to say; but I think on the whole the Board may safely say, from results obtained to date, that we will again beat this record. The report deals very fully with the work of the Company in the fullest detail, and I shall just touch upon a few points in connection with it. We commenced last year with a credit balance of £75,331 0s. 8d., and the profit for the last twelve months, after writing off £11,820 5s. 9d. for depreciation, amounts to £154,517 18s. 2d. During that time two dividends were declared, No. 14 of 25 per cent. and No. 15 of 50 per cent.; leaving, after the dividends were paid, a balance to the credit of

Profit and Loss Account of £130,848 18s. 10d. Since then, however, a further dividend, No. 16, has been declared of 50 per cent. for the half-year ending 31st March, 1896. Altogether since the formation of the Company the sum of £425,000 has been paid in dividends (applause) equal to 369 per cent. in the eight years of the Company's existence. I am very glad to be able to state that our working costs have been somewhat reduced during the year; not very much, it is true, but every little helps. The reduction is equal to 5·418d. per ton, and now stands at an average of £1 7s. 1·337d. for all charges, including depreciation. The tonnage mined during the year was 207,115 tons, of which 176,171 came from stopes, and 30,944 from drifts, etc., an increase over the previous year of 7,511 tons. I may also say that during the past year we actually gained in the development an excess of 89,273 tons of ore. The footage, exclusive of the shaft sinking and main cross-cuts, amounted to 10,610½ ft., the average cost being £3 0s. 7·473d. per foot, an increase of 1s. 2·450d. per foot over the previous twelve months. The ore exposed was 250,674 tons, equal to 41,232 tons in excess of the quantity milled. The depths of the shafts at date are as follows :—Main Incline, at 8th Level Station; No. 1 Shaft, 89 ft. below the 7th Level; No. 2 Shaft, 10½ ft.

The Crown Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited—cont.

below the 6th Level. We have again had a record year in our Mill, which has done exceedingly good work, crushing 5-116 tons per stamp per 24 hours, and the milling cost is only 2s. 7-358d. per ton, a decrease of nearly 5d. per ton on the previous year. I am not aware of any other mill on the Rand milling at the same cost. Of the ore leaving the Mill, 154,629 tons, equal to 73-828 per cent., was treated by the Cyanide Works—viz.: Concentrates, 8,631 tons, equal to 4-120 per cent.; Sands, 145,998 tons, equal to 69,708 per cent. The balance, 54,813 tons, equal to 26-172 per cent., is represented by Slimes, which has been stored in dams. A portion of these Slimes we have sold to the Rand Central Ore Reduction Company, the remainder, which have accumulated at the 120 Stamp Works, will be treated by our own Slimes Plant, which will be ready to commence operations some time next month. Of the sands and concentrates treated the average cost was 4s. 7-314d. per ton, a slight increase over the previous twelve months, due entirely to increase in royalty. The actual extraction for sands was 73-528 per cent. and for concentrates 76-949 per cent. From the Statement of Ore Treatment and results in the Manager's Report it will be found that the total recovery was 82-438 per cent. This is, I believe, the highest record recovered by any Company on the fields. We are making now further experiments, and I hope this time twelvemonths to be able to report a still higher percentage of gold saved. The number of tons treated in the eight years of the Company's existence amounts to 852,783 tons. The gold produced from that was 507,893 ozs. 10 dwts. 9 grs., the value including Sands and Concentrates sold and sundry revenue derived from interests, etc., was £1,782,788 17s. 2d. The cost of working, including depreciation, was £1,232,866 10s. 10d. It will thus be seen that the Mine so far has produced over 1½ millions sterling. The total profit derived from working by the Company is £549,892 6s. 4d. This has been appropriated in the following way: Dividends paid, including No. 16 paid on 11 May, £425,000; transferred to working capital, £47,121 17s. 6d.; transferred to Reserve Fund, on payment of dividends Nos. 15 and 16, £12,000; forfeited dividends transferred to Reserve Fund, £21 10s.; balance to credit of Profit and Loss Account, £64,848 18s. 10d.

Several Companies have lately been addressed by their London Committees with regard to the unclaimed dividends. According to the Rules of the Paris Bourse, I believe that five years must elapse before unclaimed dividends can be written off. This Company so far has waited for a period of three years before confiscating the unclaimed dividends, and I think I should be right in saying that in future in order to comply with the Rules of the Paris Bourse, that the Board would be prepared to retain the unclaimed dividends for five years.

You will be glad to know that the Reserve Fund has just been started again, and we hope to continue it until it has reached a considerable sum. This has been a very valuable aid in the past, applying it to equalise the dividends and towards the cost of the erection of the new plant. The regular 10 per cent. of the dividends will continue to be placed to Reserve Fund.

I trust that our working costs, which look as if they will increase, will, however, be reduced. Produce is at an exceedingly high price, but I hope before long this will be reduced. Another question which I think should be tackled now is the Labour question. The average pay of the natives is very high, and now that the drought in other parts of the country is causing a large number of natives to come here in search of work, I think it is an opportune time to endeavour to reduce the native wages to a more reasonable amount. Most of the Companies are paying an average rate of 60s. per month, and although some of the Kaffirs may be worth that, the bulk are not worth it. I think it is a very opportune time for Companies to take the matter in hand and try and see whether native wages cannot be reduced.

You will perhaps remember that at the meeting we had about a year ago I stated that the profits would be from £12,000 to £15,000 a month, and I am very pleased to say that we have exceeded that, and we may fairly reckon on making from £16,000 to £17,000 a month in the future. I was inclined to think at first we should make more, but owing to the high price of produce, etc., which would increase working costs, this cannot at present be entertained. As I mentioned a year ago, the Company is in a splendid position, and the only proposition we have before us is to work at as low a cost as possible.

I should like to refer Shareholders generally to the statistics which are presented to them in the Annual Report, and to mention that they are complete in every way. The report is most lucid in every respect.

I alluded a year ago—in fact I alluded two or three times—to the very valuable asset the Company possesses in its Deep Level Claims—viz., the 43½ Mill Site Claims, which figure in our balance-sheet at about £2,500, and also another block of eight claims. There are also our Bewaarplaatsen Claims, and I think, according to the Second Volksraad's decision, that those Companies who have erected works on their claims, as we have done, stand in a fair way of getting the Bewaarplaatsen. Should this be the case we shall have a very valuable asset in addition to the 43½ claims before referred to.

You will find from the Manager's Report that a small percentage of Main Reef Body—about 15 per cent.—has been worked during the past year. Our Main Reef is unfortunately rather poor, but it is to be hoped that it will improve at a lower depth—so far it is rather discouraging.

There is one other matter I should like to refer to, and that is the absence of Mr. Lionel Phillips from our Board. Mr. Phillips, who has been connected with this Company for some time, has rendered the Company very valuable assistance, and I hope before long to see those who are deeply interested in the Company, and who are invaluable to the mining industry, released from where they are now confined, and again permitted to return to their respective duties.

I think I have dealt pretty well with everything of interest, and I shall, therefore, formally move the adoption of the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet, and Profit and Loss Account.

Mr. Koster seconded the motion, which was then unanimously adopted.

Mr. O. Beit: With reference to the remark regarding unclaimed dividends, is it the intention of the Board to alter its Trust Deed? The intimation which we had from Home was to the effect that it was desirable to have some alteration made.

The Chairman: If a special meeting be called, the alteration of the Trust Deed with regard to unclaimed dividends will be one of the objects of such meeting.

You are requested to appoint two Directors in the place of Mr. J. W. S. Langerman and myself, who retire by rotation, but are eligible for re-election.

Mr. F. von Hessert: I propose that the retiring Directors, Messrs. W. H. Rogers and J. W. S. Langerman, be re-elected.

Mr. C. S. Goldmann seconded the motion, which was adopted.

The Chairman: In connection with this matter it has been thought advisable by some who are interested that, at any General Meeting where Directors retire and a new election takes place, nominations should be sent in at a specified time before that meeting, say six weeks before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting, so that Shareholders abroad might be acquainted with the fact, and in sending their proxies would be able to determine how these should be used.

Mr. Beit: I would formally move that the Board of Directors be instructed to give this matter their consideration, and, if deemed necessary, to call a Special Meeting of Shareholders to make the necessary alterations in the Trust Deed.

Mr. Goetz seconded this motion, which was unanimously adopted.

On the motion of Mr. J. Koster, seconded by Mr. A. Wagner, the retiring Auditors, Messrs. D. M. Kisch, and F. J. Moller were re-elected as Auditors to the Company for the ensuing year, and their remuneration for the past year was fixed at 100 guineas each auditor.

The Chairman: I would like to draw the attention of Shareholders to the loss they have sustained through the resignation of Mr. F. Raleigh, Secretary, and Mr. G. E. Webber, General Manager, both of whom have rendered excellent service to the Company.

This concluded the business of the meeting, which then terminated.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg: June 11th, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

ADMISSION DAILY, ONE SHILLING.

FIRST GREAT HORSE SHOW,

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 14, 15, and 16.

OVER £650 IN PRIZES.

HUNTERS, ARABS, SADDLE-HORSES, TANDEMS, JUMPING COMPETITIONS, PARADE OF HORSES, &c., each day.

Numbered Seats, in Pavilion, 25s. for three days, or 10s. 6d. for one day; Numbered Seats, in Covered Stands, 12s. 6d. for three days, or 5s. for one day; may now be booked at the Crystal Palace or at any of the usual Ticket Agencies. All Seat Tickets include Admission to the Palace.

Carriage Tickets, One Guinea each day.

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ROYAL OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee. GRAND OPERA SEASON. For full particulars see Daily Papers.—Box Office now open.

ROYALTY.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 9, THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR, by Herman Merivale; at 8.15, KITTY CLIVE—ACTRESS. MATINEE, TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.

SPECIAL MATINEE.—Wednesday next, July 15, and Wednesday, July 22, THE LIAR and MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING Two Grand Ballets, FAUST and LA DANSE. Great Success. Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.45.

CARDINAL NEWMAN MEMORIAL FUND.

THE STATUE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN, raised as a National Memorial of him, will be UNVEILED at the Oratory, South Kensington, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at Three P.M. Subscribers to the Fund who desire to be present upon the occasion should apply for Cards of Admission to the Hon. Sec., W. S. LILLY, Esq., 10 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.

REVERSIONS and LIFE INTERESTS in Landed or Funded Property or other Securities and Annuities PURCHASED or Loans granted thereon, by the EQUITABLE REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY (Limited), 10 Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand. Established 1835. Capital, £500,000.

COMMERCIAL.

WM. & GEO. LAW.

COFFEE—SUGAR—TEA.

104 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

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Profusely Illustrated Catalogue of Outdoor Sports and Games Post-free from the Sole Manufacturers,

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H. HALFORD

and

COMPANY,

STOCK BROKERS,

70 and 71

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AMERICAN CARRIAGES.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL, London, 1896.

STILL FURTHER SUCCESS.

PRIZE MEDAL. International Carriage Exhibition, Crystal Palace, June, 1896.

Making TWO PRIZE MEDALS at LONDON EXHIBITIONS this year thus again confirming the ESTABLISHED SUPERIORITY of

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For Modern Design, Comfort, High Finish, and Very Light Draught.

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T. CLARKE, Manager.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS £23,000,000.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, ESTABLISHED 1831.

Head Office: 26 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Funds, £2,708,098.

Mutual Life Assurance at Lowest Cost.

Rates for the Insurance of £100, under the Immediate Bonus Plan.

Ages	20	30	40	50	60
Annual Premium	£1 12 0	£1 18 8	£2 12 2	£3 15 10	£5 10 3

Endowment Assurances on Unusually Favourable Terms.

Write for the New Prospectus to the Head Office, or to the London Office: 69 King William Street, City, E.C.

Manager: T. B. SPRAGUE, M.A., LL.D. London Secretary: W. T. GRAY, F.I.A.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

WEEKLY SAILINGS from SOUTHAMPTON.

Free Railway Tickets by Union Express London to Southampton. Cheap Tickets for passengers' friends. Return Tickets to all Ports.

Apply to the UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY, Ltd., 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and SOUTH AFRICAN HOUSE, 94-6 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES

By the Steamships "LUSITANIA," 3,877 tons register, and "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, leaving London as under:—

For NORWAY FIORDS, VADSÖ (for Solar Eclipse), and SPITZBERGEN, 11th July, for 15 days.

At the most Northerly point of this Cruise the Sun will be above the horizon at midnight.

For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, KIEL, the BALTIC CANAL, &c.

25th August, for 26 days.

String Band, Electric Light, High-class Cuisine.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. } Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue.
{ ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. }
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 15 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO

BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY . . . every week.
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEA- . . . every fortnight.
LAND, TASMANIA, and NAPLES
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